This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

AG547
21

6547.24

The Gift of
Miss Lucy D. Sawyer,
of
Cambridge,
1 April, 1864.

TRANSLATIONS

IN

POETRY AND PROSE

FROM CELEBRATED

GERMAN WRITERS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY

HERMANN BOKUM,

INSTRUCTER IN GERMAN IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY.

BOSTON:

JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY.

M DCCC XXXVI.

46587.21
1864, April 1.
Gift of
Miss Lucy D. Sawyer,
of Cambridge.

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1836, by James Munroe & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

HARVARD DEC 30 1910

CAMBRIDGE PRESS:
METCALF, TORRY, AND BALLOU.

PREFACE.

Poetic conception springing forth from the mind in a poetic form is poetry in the highest sense of the term. In every part of the poem you may discover the seal of inspiration testifying to the original coexistence of the spirit and of the form, by the creation of which that spirit has manifested itself; you feel, in short, that *the whole* is the spontaneous and rich outpouring of a poetic mind.

Every translation of this highest kind of poetry can present only an approach to the beauty of the original. In the language of Boswell: "You hear the same tune, but it is not the same tone." On the other hand, however, translations from poetic prose writings, so to speak, which by modern critics have been hon-

ored indiscriminately with the name of poetry, will not only give you the tune — to continue the metaphor — but frequently play it on instruments better adapted to its spirit than the original itself.

Many of the translations in this volume, and particularly those from Göthe, may be regarded as belonging to the former class; while those from Herder, for instance, will find a place among the productions last mentioned.

But however great a degree of pleasure these translations may be calculated to afford, one of the principal reasons, which has given rise to this publication, is to be found in the hope, that they may awaken or foster in the reader a lively desire of becoming acquainted with the originals.

The compilation of these translations, has been partly occasioned by a habit of transcribing such short productions, as it might be desirable to re-peruse at a time, when the original might not be within the reach of the compiler. It is owing to this fact, that in several instances

it is out of his power to state the sources from which these translations have been derived. Many of them are from Taylor's Historic Survey of German Poetry, from Specimens of the German Lyric Poets, and from various reviews. But a few of the prosaic translations are from his own pen.

The biographical notices are partly abridged from the Encyclopedia Americana, and partly from Specimens of the German Lyric Poets, and a few other sources.

The compiler intends to have this little volume succeeded by another, which is to consist principally of prose translations from his own pen.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
The Two Muses	1
To Young	4
My Recovery	5
The Choirs	6
Aurora	9
The Dying Swan	11
The Wanderer	13
Song	19
The Minstrel	20
The King of Thule	22
The Apprentice to Magic	23
Our Joys	27
The Erleking	28
Moon-Light	30
The Mermaid	32
The Count of Hapsburg	34
Thekla's Song; or the Voice of a Spirit	39
The Cranes of Ibicus	41
To the Muse	48
Mary, Queen of Scots	49
The Fight with the Dragon	51
Ritter Toggenburg	62
The Pilgrim	65
The Newyear's Night of an Unhappy Man	67
The Moss-Rose	70

Asaph 71
The Invitation 73
Song 74
Water-Piece 76
Ellenore 77
The Wild Hunter 90
The Menagerie of the Gods 98
The Song of the Brave Man 101
The Oak Trees 106
On Rauch's Bust of Queen Louisa 108
Prayer during Fight 109
Leave-Taking from Life 111
Sword Song 112
Lutzow's Wild Chase 116
Good Night 118
To Mrs. Hemans. From the Father of Theodore Körner 119
Brandenburgh Harvest Song 120
Bath-Song to sing in the Sound 121
The Wanderer 123
The May Lilies to Adelaide 124
Song 126
Song 127
A Fragment 128
The Passage 131

NOTES 133

TRANSLATIONS.

THE TWO MUSES.

I saw — tell me, was I beholding what now happens, or was I beholding futurity? — I saw with the Muse of Britain the Muse of Germany engaged in competitory race — flying warm to to the goal of coronation.

Two goals, where the prospect terminates, bordered the career: oaks of the forest shaded the one; near to the other waved palms in the evening-shadow.

Accustomed to contest stepped she from Albion proudly into the arena — as she stepped, when, with the Grecian Muse and with her from the Capitol, she entered the lists.

She beheld the young trembling rival; who trembled, yet with dignity; glowing roses worthy of victory streamed flaming over her cheek, and her golden hair flew abroad.

Already she retained with pain in her tumultuous bosom the contracted breath; already she hung bending forwards toward the goal; already the herald was lifting the trumpet, and her eyes swam with intoxicating joy.

Proud of her courageous rival, prouder of herself, the lofty Britoness measured, but with noble glance, thee, Tuiskone: "Yes, by the bards, I grew up with thee in the grove of oaks:

"But a tale had reached me that thou wast no more. Pardon, O Muse, if thou beest immortal, pardon that I but now learn it. Yonder at the goal alone will I learn it.

"There it stands. But dost thou see the still further one, and its crowns also? This represt courage, this proud silence, this look, which sinks fiery upon the ground, I know:

"Yet weigh once again, ere the herald sound a note dangerous to thee. Am I not she, who have measured myself with her at Thermopylæ, and with the stately one of the seven hills?"

She spake: the earnest decisive moment drew nearer, with the herald. "I love thee," answered quick, with looks of flame, Teutona, "Britoness; I love thee to enthusiasm;

"But not warmer than immortality, and those palms: touch, if so wills thy genius, touch them before me; yet will I, when thou seizest it, seize also the crown.

"And, O how I tremble! O ye immortals, perhaps I may reach first the high goal: then, O then, may thy breath attain my loose-streaming hair!"

The herald shrilled. They flew with eagle-speed. The wide career smoked up clouds of dust. I looked. Beyond the oak billowed yet thicker the dust, and I lost them.

KLOPSTOCK.

TO YOUNG.

Die, aged prophet: lo thy crown of palms
Has long been springing, and the tear of joy
Quivers on angel-lids
Astart to welcome thee.
Why linger? Hast thou not already built
Above the clouds thy lasting monument?
Over thy night-thoughts too
The pale free-thinker's watch,
And feel there 's prophecy amid the song,
When of the dead-awakening trump it speaks,
Of coming final doom,
And the wise will of heaven.
Die: thou hast taught me that the name of death
Is to the just a glorious sound of joy:
But be my teacher still,
Become my genius there.

Ibid.

MY RECOVERY.

Recovery, daughter of Creation, too,
Though not for immortality designed,
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me.
Had I not heard thy gentle tread approach,
Not heard the whisper of thy welcome voice,
Death had, with iron foot,
My chilly forehead prest.
'T is true, I then had wandered where the earths
Roll around suns ; had strayed along the path
Where the maned comet soars
Beyond the armed eye ;
And with the rapturous eager greet had hailed
The inmates of those earths, and of those suns ;
Had hailed the countless host,
That throng the comet's disk ;
Had asked the novice questions, and obtained
Such answers as a sage vouchsafes to youth ;
Had learned in hours far more
Than ages here unfold!
But I had then not ended here below,
What, in the enterprising bloom of life,
Fate with no light behest
Required me to begin.
Recovery, daughter of Creation too,
Though not for immortality designed,
The Lord of life and death
Sent thee from heaven to me.

Ibid.

THE CHOIRS.

Dear dream, which I must ne'er behold fulfilled,
Thou beamy form, more fair than orient day,
Float back, and hover yet
Before my swimming sight.

Do they wear crowns in vain, that they forbear
To realize the heavenly portraiture?
Shall marble hearse them all,
Ere the bright change be wrought?

Hail, chosen ruler of a freer world!
For thee shall bloom the never-fading song,
Who bid'st it be. To thee
Religion's honors rise.

Yes — could the grave allow — of thee I 'd sing:
For once would Inspiration string the lyre —
The streaming tide of joy,
My pledge for loftier verse.

Great is thy deed, my wish. He has not known
What 't is to melt in bliss, who never felt
Devotion's raptures rise
On sacred music's wing:

Ne'er sweetly trembled, when adoring choirs
Mingle their hallowed songs of solemn praise;
And, at each awful pause,
The unseen choirs above.

Long float around my forehead, blissful dream!
I hear a Christian people hymn their God,
And thousands kneel at once,
Jehovah, Lord, to thee.

The people sing their Saviour, sing the Son;
Their simple song according with the heart,
Yet lofty, such as lifts
The aspiring soul from earth.

On the raised eye-lash, on the burning cheek,
The young tear quivers; for they view the goal,
Where shines the golden crown,
Where angels wave the palm.

Hush! the clear song wells forth. Now flows along
Music, as if poured artless from the breast;
For so the master willed
To lead its channelled course.

Deep, strong it seizes on the swelling heart,
Scorning what knows not to call down the tear,
Or shroud the soul in gloom,
Or steep in holy awe.

Borne on the deep slow sounds a holy awe
Descends. Alternate voices sweep the dome,
Then blend their choral force,
The theme *Impending Doom*,

Or the triumphal *Hail to him, who rose,*
While all the host of heaven o'er Sion's hill
Hovered, and praising saw
Ascend the Lord of Life.

One voice alone, one harp alone, begins;
But soon joins in the ever-fuller choir.
The people quake. They feel
A glow of heavenly fire.

Joy! joy! they scarce support it. Rolls aloud
The organ's thunder — now more loud and more —
And to the shout of all
The temple trembles too.

Enough; I sink. The wave of people bows
Before the altar — bows the front to earth;
They taste the hallowed cup,
Devoutly, deeply, still.

One day, when rest my bones beside a fane,
Where thus assembled worshippers adore,
The conscious grave shall heave,
Its flowrets sweeter bloom,

And on the morn that from the rock He sprang,
When panting Praise pursues his radiant way,
I 'll hear — *He rose again*
Shall vibrate through the tomb.

IBID.

AURORA.

AURORA was complaining to the Gods that, although she was much praised by men, she was little beloved or visited by them, and least by those who loudest sang her praises. "Do not grieve about thy lot, (said the Goddess of Wisdom,) is it not the same as mine? — and then, (continued she,) look at those who slight thee, and at the rival whom they prefer. Behold them, as thou passest, floundering in the embrace of laziness, and decaying both in body and in mind; — and hast thou not friends, not adorers enow? The whole creation worships thee; all the flowers awake and clothe themselves by thy roseate beam in new and bridal beauty. The choir of birds welcomes thee, and seems intent wholly on varied arts to charm thy transient presence. The laborious boor, and the industrious sage, never disappoint thee; they quaff, from the cup which thou offerest, health and strength, repose and life; doubly pleased that they enjoy thee undisturbed, and uninterrupted by the prating crowd of sleepy fools. Dost thou consider it as no blessing that the unworthy are never seen among thy admir-

ers? To be worshipped without profanation is the highest prize of love among gods and men."

Aurora blushed at her thoughtless murmurs. Let every beauty aspire to her fortune, who equals her in purity and innocence.

HERDER

THE DYING SWAN.

"Must I alone then be dumb and songless," said sighing the still swan to himself, and bathed himself in the brightness of the fairest sunset, "almost I alone in the whole kingdom of the feathered tribes. I envy not, indeed, the voices of the quacking goose, and the clucking hen, and the screaming peacock, but thine, O soft Philomel! — I envy thee, when I, so spell-bound by it, more slowly draw my waves, and linger, intoxicated, in the reflected brilliance of the heavens; how would I sing thee, golden evening sun! — sing thy fair light and my blessedness, and sink into the mirror of thy rosy face and die."

In still rapture the swan dived, and hardly rose again above the waves, when a shining form, which stood on the bank, called to him. It was the God of the morning and evening sun, the beautiful Phebus. "Kind, lovely being," said he, "the prayer is granted thee, which thou so oft hast cherished in thy secret breast, and which could not before be granted thee." Scarcely had he said the word, when he touched the swan with his lyre, and accom-

panied on it the hymn of the immortals. The bird of Apollo was filled with rapture by these tones. He poured forth his melting strains to the strings of the God of Beauty, and in joy and gratitude sang the fair sun, the glittering sea, and his own innocent happy life. Soft as his form was the harmonic song! — long waves he drew on in soft dying tones, until he found himself in Elysium, at the feet of Apollo, in his own true heavenly beauty. The song which was denied him in life, had become his Swan's song, softly dissolving his limbs; for he had heard the tones of the Immortals and seen the face of a God. Thankfully he bent himself at the feet of Apollo, and heard his divine tones, when his faithful mate entered, who had lamented him in sweet songs even unto death. The Goddess of Innocence made them both her favorites, and they form the fair team of her shell-chariot, when she bathes in the sea of youth.

Be patient and still hoping heart, what is denied to thee in life, because thou couldst not bear it, shall be given thee in the moment of death.

IBID.

THE WANDERER.

WANDERER.

God bless you, woman, and the sucking child
Upon your bosom! Here I'll sit awhile
Against the rock; and at the elm-tree's foot
Lay down the burden that has wearied me.

WOMAN.

What business brings you up these sandy paths
During the heat of day? Have you brought toys,
Or other ware, from town to sell i' th' country?
You seem to smile, good stranger, at my question.

WANDERER.

I bring no city-wares about for sale.
The evening 's very sultry. I 'm athirst.
Show me, good woman, where you draw your water.

WOMAN.

Here, up these steps of rock, athwart the thicket.
Do you go first: you 'll soon be at the hut
That I inhabit. We 've a spring hard by it.

WANDERER.

'Traces of man's arranging hand are these!
Thine — 't was not, liberal Nature, to unite
These blocks of marble thus —

WOMAN.

A little further ——

WANDERER.

A mossy architrave! Almighty Genius!
E'en upon stone canst thou imprint thy seal.

WOMAN.

A little higher yet—

WANDERER.

On an inscription
I 've set a daring foot! TO VENUS AND—
Ye are effaced, are wandered hence, companions,
Who should have witnessed to posterity
Your master's warm devotion.

WOMAN.

Do these stones
Surprise you, stranger? Yonder, by my hut,
Are many more such stones.

WANDERER.

Where, show me where?

WOMAN.

There, to the left-hand, as you quit the coppice.
See—here they are.

WANDERER.

Ye Muses and ye Graces!

WOMAN.

This is my hut.

WANDERER.

The ruins of a temple!

WOMAN.

The spring beside it furnishes our water.

WANDERER.

Thou hoverest, ever-glowing, o'er thy grave,
Immortal Genius — while thy masterpiece
Crumbles upon thee.

WOMAN.

Stay, I 'll fetch a cup.

WANDERER.

Your slender forms divine the ivy girds,
Ye twin-born columns, who still lift on high
A sculptured front amid surrounding ruin:
And, like thy sisters, thou too, lonely shaft,
Veiling with dusky moss thy sacred head,
Look'st down in mournful majesty upon
The broken fallen companions at thy feet;
They lie with rubbish soiled, by briars shaded,
The tall grass waving o'er their prostrate forms:
O Nature! canst thou thus appreciate
Thy masterpiece's masterpiece? destroy,
And sow with thistles thine own sanctuary?

WOMAN.

My boy is fast asleep. Hold him a minute,
And wait beneath the poplar's cooling shade
While I fetch water. Slumber on, my darling.

WANDERER.

How soft his sleep whom heavenly health imbathes!

Blest infant — born amid antiquity's
Sacred remains — on thee her spirit rest!
Whom that environs, he in godlike bliss
Each hour enjoys. Unfold, thou swelling gem,
Under the mild beam of a vernal sun
Outshining all thy fellows; and, whene'er
The silken husk of blossoms falls, appear
A blooming fruit, and ripen to the summer.

WOMAN.

God bless him, does he sleep? I have but this,
A homely crust to offer you to eat
With the cool draught I bring.

WANDERER.

I thank you much.
How green and lively look the plants about us!

WOMAN.

Ere long my husband will return from labor,
Stay and partake with us our evening loaf.

WANDERER.

'T is here you dwell?

WOMAN.

Yes, in these very walls,
My father built our cottage up himself,
Of tiles and stones he found among the ruins;
Here we all dwelt. He gave me to a ploughman,
And died within our arms. Hope of my life,
My darling, see how playful 't is; he smiles.

WANDERER.

All bounteous nature, ever teeming mother,
Thou hast created all unto enjoyment;
Like a good parent furnished all thy children
With one inheritance — a hut, a home.
High on the architrave the swallow builds,
Unconscious of the beauties she beclays;
The golden bud with webs the grub surrounds,
To form a winter-dwelling for her offspring:
And thou, O man, between antiquity's
Sublimest remnants, patchest up a cot —
Art happy among tombs. Farewell, kind woman.

WOMAN.

You will not stay?

WANDERER.

God bless you and your child!

WOMAN.

Good journey to you.

WANDERER.

Whither leads the road
Across yon mountain?

WOMAN.

That 's the way to Cuma.

WANDERER.

How far may 't be?

WOMAN.

About three miles.

WANDERER.

Farewell!

Nature, be thou conductress of my way,
Guide the unusual path that I have chosen
Among the hallowed graves of mighty dead,
And mouldering monuments of ages gone;
Then to a home direct thy wanderer's step,
To some asylum, from the north wind safe,
And with a platane grove to shade the noon,
Where, when his evening steps the hut revisit,
A wife like this may clasp him in her arms,
The nursling smiling at her happy breast.

GÖTHE.

SONG.

Know'st thou the land, where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale;
Where softer breezes fan the azure skies;
Where myrtles spring, and prouder laurels rise?
Know'st thou the land? 't is there our footsteps tend:
And there, my faithful love, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the pile, the colonade sustains,
Its splendid chambers and its rich domains,
Where breathing statues stand in bright array,
And seem, "what ails thee, hapless maid," to say?
Know'st thou the land? 't is there our footsteps tend;
And there, my gentle guide, our course shall end.

Know'st thou the mount, where clouds obscure the day;
Where scarce the mule can trace his misty way;
Where lurks the dragon and her scaly brood;
And broken rocks oppose the headlong flood?
Know'st thou the land? 't is there our course shall end!
There lies our way — ah, thither let us tend!

Ibid.

THE MINSTREL.

"What melting strains salute my ear,
Without the portal's bound?
Page, call the bard; — the song we 'll hear,
Beneath this roof resound."
So spake the king; the stripling hies;
He quick returns; — the monarch cries,
"Old man, be welcome here!"

"Hail, mighty chiefs of high renown;
Hail, beauteous, matchless dames,
Whose smiles the genial banquet crown,
Whose glance each breast inflames!
Ah, scene too bright! with downcast eyes,
In haste I check my fond surprise,
My rash presumption own!"

With downcast looks, the song he reared;
The full-toned harp replied:
The knights grew fierce, their eye-balls glared;
Each tender fair one sighed.
The king applauds the thrilling strain,
And straight decrees a golden chain,
To deck the tuneful bard.

"Be far from me the golden chain;
Ill suits the proffered meed.
To some bold knight, 'mid yonder train,
Be then the gift decreed.

Or, let the upright chancellor,
The load, with other burdens, bear:
To me such gift were vain!

"As chants the bird on yonder bough,
So flows my artless lay;
And well the artless strains that flow,
The tuneful task repay.
Yet, dare I ask, this boon be mine;
A goblet fill with choicest wine,—
On me the draught bestow."

He lifts the cup and quaffs the wine:
"O nectared juice," he cries,
"O blest abode, where draughts divine,
Unvalued gifts ye prize!
Ah, thank your stars, with heart as true,
'Mid all your joys, as I thank you,
For this rich cup of wine!"

IBID.

THE KING OF THULE.

There lived a King in Thule,
He loved with all his soul;
And she, he loved so truly,
Left him a golden bowl. —

He prized it past all measure,
He drained it at each meal;
His eyes wept o'er his treasure,
Whene'er he drank his fill.

He thought his last of breathing,
Told all his cities through;
All to his heir bequeathing,
But not the bowl, I trow.

In his castle, near the ocean,
He sat, his knights withal,
Their beards were all in motion,
At the banquet, in the hall.

There sat this dry old fellow,
Quaffed Life's last warmth with glee;
And the sacred bowl, when mellow,
He cast into the sea.

He saw it sinking, shining,
Where waves around it roar —
His eyes thereo'er declining,
Drop never drank he more.

Ibid.

THE APPRENTICE TO MAGIC.

I.

Now that my old master-wizard
Is for once at least away;
All the spirits in his keeping
Must my sovereign will obey.
Watched have I his word and deed,
Many an hour, and many a day,
And, with strength of mind and head,
Work a wonder I too may——
Wander, wander,
Yonder, yonder,
To the brook along the path:
Bring me water,
As you taught are,
Pour it, shower it, in the bath.

II.

Hither, you old broomstick, hither!
You have been a willing slave;
Be, as heretofore you have been,
Ready, steady, quick, and brave:
Stand upon two legs, and carry
Human arms and head, I crave;
Bring a pail, and fetch me water
In the bath my limbs to lave.
Wander, wander,
Yonder, yonder,

To the brook along the path:
Bring me water,
As you taught are,
Pour it, shower it, in the bath.

III.

See, he 's running to the river,
Dips his pail, and brings it back ;
Now again he 's going thither,
And is hither in a crack ;
Quick as lightning he 's returning,
Water I no longer lack :
The bathing trough is running over ;
You may cease to keep the track.
Stand still! stand still!
I 've had my fill.
How! your gifts are coming yet.
O dear! O dear!
You do not hear :
And the check-word I forget. —

IV.

The word, which when the work is over,
We utter muttering to unmake
The mimic man, to stop his journeys,
And bid the busy body take
His quiet broomstick form again. ——
The garden will be soon a lake,
And yet he 's bringing fresh supplies,
He 'll flood the cellars — how I quake,
Not any longer
Brave the stronger:

This is malice, this is spite.
How fell a scowl!
How deep a growl!
I'm more than ever in a fright.

V.

Cursed broomstick, deaf as deadness,
Offspring of the lowest hell,
Shall your master's house be flooded? ——
How the streaming waters swell:
Over every single threshold
Flows enough to fill a well;
Be again the stock you have been,
And in your old corner dwell.
Stand still! stand still!
I've had my fill.
Now if you provoke my wrath,
I'll seize on you,
And chop in two,
Soon this axe shall work you scath.

VI.

What — coming still with other pailfuls,
I'll fell you, goblin, to the ground.
Well-aimed, by Belzebub, you've got
At last, I trust, a fatal wound;
And willing, nilling, must, I fancy,
Desist, as you're in duty bound.
And I again can fetch my breath,
And look a little freely round. ——
Woe increases!
Both the pieces

Stand up watermen complete ;
Neither tarries,
Either carries
Pail on pail with restless feet.

VII.

How they hurry, flurry, scurry ;
Wet and wetter is the hall.
Cellars flooded, staircase mudded,
Double deluges appall.
O here comes the good old master. ——
Master, master, hear my call,
I can 't bring the sprites to rest,
Whom I was able to inthrall.
Besom, besom,
Don't distress him ;
To your corner fast and faster.
But as spirits,
When the time fits,
Hearken only to your master.

Ibid.

OUR JOYS.

THESE flattered round the spring
A fly of filmy wing,
Libella, lightly ranging;
Long had she pleased my sight,
From dark to lovely bright
Like the cameleon changing:
Red, blue, and green,
Soon lost as seen.
Oh that I had her near and knew
Her real changeless hue!
She flutters and floats — and will for ever —
But hold — on the willow she 'll light —
There, there I have her! I have her!
And now for a nearer sight —
I look — and see a sad dark blue;
Thus, Analyst of Joy, it fares with you. —

IBID.

THE ERLEKING.

Who rides, who rides in a night so wild?
It is the fond father with his child;
It clasps him close, and he holds it fast,
Close, close and warm from the biting blast.

Why shrinks he, why hides he his face in his hands?
"O see, father, yonder the Erleking stands,
Grim Lord of terror, with crown and spear."
"Peace, peace, dear child, there 's nought to fear."

Come, lovely boy, come, let 's away;
I 'll play with thee the live-long day,
With sweetest of flowers I 'll crown thy head,
And the loveliest fairies shall guard thy bed.

"My father, dear father, and dost thou not hear
What the Erleking whispers so low in mine ear?"
"Be quiet, my son, in my bosom thou 'rt lying,
I hear but the wind in the bare branches sighing."

My dearest boy, if thou 'lt go with me
My daughters shall tend thee right daintily,
And by thee their nightly watch they shall keep,
And shall sing, and shall dance, and shall rock thee to sleep.

"My father, dear father, and seest thou not
The Erleking's daughters in yon dark spot?"
"I see, my son, but the grey willow trees;
How they nod and they bow in the evening breeze."

I love thee, must have thee, then haste to obey;
And art thou not willing — I 'll tear thee away!
"O father, O father! now, now keep thy hold!
The Erleking has seized me—his grasp is so cold."

Sore trembled the father; he spurred through the wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling, in doubt and in dread;
But clasped to his bosom, — the infant was dead.

IBID.

MOON-LIGHT.

Scattered o'er the starry pole,
Glimmers Cynthia's beam;
Whispering to the softened soul,
Fancy's varied dream.

O'er the landscape, far and nigh,
Gleams the glowing night;
Soft as Friendship's melting eye,
Bends its soothing light.

Touched in turn, by joy and pain,
Quick responds my heart;
Floats, as Memory paints the scene,
'Twixt delight and smart.

Rivulet, speed thy flowing maze;
So my years have flown!
Past delights thy lapse displays:
Joys for ever gone!

Dear the transports once I knew;
Dear and loved in vain!—
Memory's lingering, fond review,
Turns the past to pain.

Rivulet, urge thy ceaseless flow,
Gurgling speed thee on;
Whispering strains of plaintive woe;
Mournful unison!—

Whether, at the midnight scene,
  Swells thy troubled source:
Or, along the flowery green,
  Glides with gentler course.

Blest the man, who, timely wise,
  Seeks Retirement's shade:
Blest, whose lot a friend supplies,
  Partner of the glade;—

Calmer pleasures there invite;
  Joys, nor vain, nor loud;
Joys, that erring mortals slight;
  Joys, that shun the crowd!

IBID.

THE MERMAID.

The sea-wave falls — the sea-wave flows;
On lonely rock the Fisher lies,
In clear cool stream his hook he throws,
And views the bait with wistful eyes;
And as his silent task he plies,
Behold the floods apart are flung, —
And where the circling eddies rise,
A mermaid's form has upward sprung.

And soft her tones — and sweet her song: —
"O Fisher, why my train decoy?
With craft of man — still wise in wrong —
Why seek to change to death their joy?
O wist thou here what tasks employ —
What bliss the tribes of ocean know —
No more thy days should care annoy,
But peace be sought these waves below.

And seeks not aye the glorious sun,
And beauteous moon, our watery rest?
And springs not each its course to run,
Wave-washed, in tenfold glory drest?
And charms not thee in Ocean's breast
This nether heaven of loveliest blue? —
Charms not thine own fair form imprest
In liquid limning soft and true? —

The sea-wave falls — the sea-wave flows —
At length around his feet is flung;
He starts — the flame within him glows
That erst on love's embraces hung!
And sweeter yet the sea-maid sung,
And sought, half met the charmed shore;
Her arms around her victim flung —
And ne'er was seen that fisher more!

IBID.

THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG.

'T was at his crowning festival,
Robed in imperial state,
In Aix-la-Chapelle's ancient hall
The good king Rudolph sate.
His viands bore the Palatine,
Bohemia served the sparkling wine,
And all the Elective Seven
Lowly the lord of earth surround,
As the glorious sun is girt around
With his starry choir of heaven.

Crowds from the high balcony gaze
In joy tumultuous pressing,
And mix with the mounting hymns of praise
Full many a murmured blessing:
For ended at last are the crownless years,
With their harvest of ruin, of blood and tears,
Earth owns a judge once more.
Ended at last is the reign of steel;
No more the feeble dread to feel
The gauntlet-grasp of power.

And the Kaiser uplifts his goblet bright,
As he speaks with blithesome voice: —
"Fair is the feast, and proud the sight;
Mine heart might well rejoice:

Yet miss I the minstrel, the bringer of pleasure,
The soother of hearts with his magic measure,
The teacher of lore divine.
So I have held in my youthful prime,
And the lessons I learned in my knightly time
As Kaiser shall still be mine."

In long-flowing robe, through the courtly crew,
The minstrel's form appears;
His locks are bleached with a silver hue,
With the fullness of wasting years.
"Sweet melody sleeps in the golden strings;
The minstrel of love and its guerdon sings,
He sings of the Highest, the Best,
Of all ye can covet with heart or eye;
But say what may sort with the majesty
Of my Kaiser's crowning feast."

"I rule not the singer," was Rudolph's word,
"Nor recks he of earthly power;
He stands in the right of a greater Lord,
And obeys the inspiring hour.
As the storm-wind sweeps through the midnight air,
One knows not from whence it is borne, or where;
As the springs from a soundless deep;
So the minstrel's song from his bosom swells,
Our feelings to wake, where in inmost cells
Of the heart they strangely sleep."

Sudden and strong the Minstrel plays,
And rapidly flows his strain: —
"A valiant knight to the chamois chase
Rode forth across the plain,
Him followed his squire with his hunting-gear;
'When a tinkling sound accosts his ear
On a meadow's gentle marge:
'T was the sacring bell that moved before,
And a priest, who the Saviour's body bore,
Came next with his hallowed charge.

And the Count to earth has bowed him low,
His head all humbly bare,
The faith of a Christian man to show
In him our sins who bare.
But a brooklet brawled o'er the meadow-side,
High swelled by the Giessbach's rushing tide,
The wanderer's path it stayed;
And softly he laid the host adown,
And swiftly he doffed his sandal shoon,
The brawling brook to wade.

"Now whither away?" the Count began,
And he cast a wondering glance.
"Sir knight, I haste to a dying man,
For heavenly food who pants:
And here as I sought my wonted way,
The stepping-stones all have been torn away
By the Giessbach's whirling force.
Thus, let a soul salvation miss,
The brook with naked foot, I wis,
Behoves me now to cross."

But the Count set him up on his knightly steed,
And reached him the bridle gay,
That he fail not to solace a sinner's need,
Nor the holy rite delay.
Himself rode forth on the horse of his squire
To share in the chase at his heart's desire.
The other his way pursued,
And thankfully came with morning red,
And humbly back by the bridle led
To the knight his courser good.

"Now saints forfend," said that noble knight,
"I should e'er bestride him more,
In reckless chase, or heady fight,
My Saviour's self that bore!
Mayest thou not make the good steed thine own,
I freely devote him to God alone;
I give it to him who gives
To man, his bond-slave, breath and blood,
And earthly honor, and earthly good;
In whom he moves and lives."

"O then, high Heaven, whose watchful ear
Inclines to the poor man's vow,
To thee give honor above and here,
As him thou hast honored now!
Thou noble Count, whose knightly brand
Widely hath waved in Switzerland,
Seven daughters fair are thine:
Each shall enrich thine ancient stem
With the dower of a kingly diadem,
Sent down to the latest line."

The brow of the Kaiser is bent in thought,
  As he dreamed of distant years,
Till the eye of that aged bard he caught,
  And the sense of his song appears.
He recalls the face, so long unseen,
And veils his tears with his mantle sheen:
  'T is the priest himself is here!
All eyes are turned on their silent lord,
All know the knight of the Giessbach's ford,
  And the hand of Heaven revere.

SCHILLER.

THEKLA'S SONG; OR THE VOICE OF A SPIRIT.

Ask'st thou my home?—my pathway wouldst thou know,
When from thine eye my floating shadow passed?
Was not my work fulfilled and closed below!
Had I not lived and loved?—my lot was cast.

Wouldst thou ask where the nightingale is gone,
That melting into song her soul away,
Gave the spring-breeze what witched thee in its tone?—
But while she loved, she lived, in that deep lay!

Think'st thou my heart its lost one hath not found?—
Yes! we are one, oh! trust me, we have met,
Where nought again may part what love hath bound,
Where falls no tear, and whispers no regret.

There shalt *thou* find us, there with us be blest,
If as *our* love *thy* love is pure and true!
There dwells my father, sinless and at rest,
Where the fierce murderer may no more pursue.

And well he feels, no error of the dust
  Drew to the stars of Heaven his mortal ken,
There it is with us, even as is our trust,
  He that believes, is near the holy *then*.

There shall each feeling beautiful and high,
  Keep the sweet promise of its earthly day;—
Oh! fear thou not to dream with waking eye!
  There lies deep meaning oft in childish play.

IBID.

THE CRANES OF IBICUS.

To Corinth, where the sons of Greece
Forget their strifes in festal peace,
Went Ibicus the games to see,
And win the wreath of poesy.
Him gave the Muse the honeyed song
That from his mouth so sweetly flows;
From Rhegium, on lightsome staff,
Full of the God the poet goes.

And now before his weary eyes
The pillared heights of Corinth rise;
And in the grove of Poseidon
He walks revering and alone,—
All still as death; save fluttering cranes
That cut the air with pinions strong,
And from the friendless Northern shores
Flit to the South, a darkening throng.

"I greet ye well, ye friendly crew,
That with me o'er the waters flew!
A happy omen makes the same
Our path, as chance has made our aim.
Alike from distant shores we come,
Alike a friendly roof we pray,
A friendly host us both receive,
And be the helpless stranger's stay!"

Thus walks he on in cheerful mood
Into the thickest of the wood;
Till in the dark and narrow way
Two murderous hands his progress stay.
He girds him manly to resist, —
He deals — but not the surest blow —
The hand that struck the poet's lyre
Was weak to bend the archer's bow.

He calls on men, on Gods in vain!
They hear not now that heard his strain;
And through the forest far and near,
No living motion meets his ear.
"And thus I must neglected die,
On foreign strand bewept by none,
By hand of reckless ruffians slain,
And none my murder to atone!"

He sinks beneath a heavy blow,
His dimmed eye may not see, when lo!
He hears the whirring of the cranes,
That sweep across the darkening plains.
"Hear me, ye cranes, that fly aloft,
When men and Gods hear not," he saith, —
"To you my murderer's cry ascend!" —
He spake and breaks his eye in death.

Next day his naked corpse is found,
With many a scar, on gory ground,
And he that should have been the host,
Sees his dear guest for ever lost.

"And must I see thee thus my guest,
Whose brow with the victorious pine
I hoped to bind, with poet's fire
Encircled, and with glory's shrine!"

And the guests hear it with a moan
At the glad feast of Poseidon,
And universal Greece beweeps
Her bard whose lyre for ever sleeps.
The people rush in stormy throngs
Around the Prytanes they crowd,
"Appease the manes of the dead,"
They cry, "with the foul murderer's blood!"

But where the trace by which to ken,
Amid the flowing throng of men,
Amid the whirling chariots speed
The hand that did the bloody deed?
Did reckless robber strike the blow,
Or him some secret foe waylay?
No God, but Helios, may tell
Who seeth all things with his ray.

Mayhap he walks with fearless pace
'Mid the free sons of Grecian race,
And heeds not the avenger's tread,
In car of Isthmian glory led.
Mayhap upon the sacred floor
He impious stands where Gods have been,
Or with that wave of men is borne,
That rolls on to the tragic scene.

From bench to bench in many a ring,
(Beneath them groans the scaffolding)
The Grecian tribes from far and near,
Impatient wait with eye and ear;
And like the ocean's hollow swell
The swarm of men still wider grew,
In sweeping circles mounting high,
And mingling with the heavenly blue.

Who counts the nations, who can name
That to this feast of glory came?
From Attic and from Aulic strand,
From Phocis, and from Spartan land,
From Asia's far distant shore,
From isles that gem the middle sea,
They come with holy awe to hear
The chorus' fearful melody.

The Ancient chorus stern, severe,
Lo from the distant scene appear!
And with a slow and measured pace,
The circle of the stage they trace.
No mortal women walk as they,
No earthly house gave birth to them;
So giant-like, so more than men,
From the far distant scene they came!

A robe of pitchy black they wear,
In skinny hand a torch they bear,
That with a murky redness glows;
In their pale cheeks no life-blood flows;

And where the ringlets gently waving,
Down human temples kindly well,
There snakes and adders twine their knots,
And with impatient poison swell.

And as they chase the fearful round,
Uplifts their hymn its solemn sound,
They pierce the heart with threatful strains,
And round the sinner weave their chains.
Sense-bereaving, heart-benumbing,
Sounds the Furies' fearful strain,
To the hearer's marrow piercing,
And the soft lute sounds in vain.

"Well he, whose childlike soul within
There dwells no guilt, there lurks no sin,
To him the Furies come not near,
His path of life is free from fear.
But woe to him whose secret hand
Has done a deed that fears the light,
We tread upon his fleeing heels
The fearful daughters of the night!

"He may not flee, he may not 'scape,
With shadowing wings our course we shape,
And round his feet a net we throw,
From which no sinner free may go.
Thus urge we him, without remit,
No plaint of man may bound our will,
Down to the regions of the dead,
And even there we urge him still!"

Thus singing do they beat the ground,
And death-like stillness reigns around,
As if embodied Deity
In fearful wrath revealed, were nigh.
And solemnly they walk around,
With fearful look, with awful mien,
And with a slow and measured pace
They vanish in the distant scene.

And between truth and semblance swaying,
Trembles each breast deep homage paying
To the dread judger of the hearts
That dwelleth in the inward parts:
That all unfathomed, unexplored,
Winds the dark clue of Fate alway,
That speaketh to the bosom's depths,
But flies the garish light of day.

Then from the theatre's far end
They heard a sudden voice descend—
"Behold, behold Timotheus,
Behold the cranes of Ibicus."
And dark the sky becomes and darker,
And o'er the open canopy,
In hurried and ill-omened flight
A banded troop of cranes they see.

"Of Ibicus"—the dear-loved name,
Shakes with new sorrow every frame,
And as in ocean wave on wave,
From mouth to mouth the word they gave.

"Of Ibicus, whom we lament
And weep in vain his hapless end?
What may it mean? Why spake that voice?
What may the flight of cranes portend?"

And louder still the murmur flows,
And like the lightning's flash it goes
Through every heart. "Give heed, give heed!
This is the Furies' proper deed;
The pious poet is revenged,
The murderer's mystery is broken;
Seize him the man that spake that word,
And him to whom that word was spoken!"

But him who spake that word — in vain
He sought to call it back again;
His terror-blenched lips made known
The crime that they would fain disown:
They drag the twain before the judge;
The seat becomes a judgment-seat,
The murderers confess their guilt,
And wreak the Furies' vengeance meet.

IBID.

TO THE MUSE.

I do not know what I should be,
Were I deprived, my Muse, of thee —
But, sick at heart, am I to see
What thousands are, who feel not thee.

IBID.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

FREEDOM returns — oh! let me enjoy it,
Let me be happy, be happy with me —
Freedom invites me — oh! let me employ it,
Skimming, with winged step, light o'er the lea —
Have I escaped from this mansion of mourning?
Holds me no more this sad dungeon of care?
Let me with thirsty impatience burning,
Drink in the free, the celestial air. —
Thanks to these friendly trees which hide from me
My prison's bounds, and flatter my illusion;
Happy I 'll dream myself, and gladly free;
Why wake me from my dream's so sweet confusion?
From where yon misty mountains rise on high,
I can my Empire's boundaries explore,
And those light clouds which steering southwards fly,
Seek the mild clime of France's genial shore;
Hastening clouds! ye meteors that fly,
Could I but with you speed through the sky?
Tenderly greet me the land of my youth;
I am in sorrow, I am in restraint,
I have none else to bear my complaint;
Free in ether your path is seen,
Ye are not subject to this tyrant queen.

Hear'st thou the bugle? blithely resounding,
  Hear'st thou its blast through wood and plain?
Could I once more on my nimble steed bounding,
  Join the jocund, the frolicsome train!
Again, oh! sadly pleasing remembrance;
Such were the sounds which so merry and clear,
Oft, when with music the hounds and the horn
Cheerfully wakened the slumbering morn,
On the hills of the Highlands delighted my ear.

IBID.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

Why stirs the town, why rolls along
From street to street the billowy throng?
Is Rhodes on flame, that they should come
Like crowds waked by the midnight drum?
A gallant knight, and mounted high,
Amid the shouting throngs I spy;
Behind, a shape of aspect dread,
Upon a slow dragged wain is led;
A dragon, by its scaly hide
I know it, and its jaws so wide;
And all behold, with wondering sight,
The dragon now, and now the knight.

A thousand voices shout with glee,
"This is the dragon, come and see!
That swallowed all with sateless greed,
This is the hero that hath us freed!
Full many a knight before him went,
To slay the bloody dragon bent;
But never a knight came from the fight,
Praise to this bold, this noble knight!"
And to the cloister hied they on,
Where sate the brave Knights of St. John,
Where sate the Knights of Jerusalem,
In solemn council met, they came.

Before the throne the young knight stands,
And bares his head, and folds his hands;

The pressing crowds impatient tread
Upon the circling balustrade:
"My knightly duty I have done,"
Exclaimed the youth, "the fight is won;
The dragon that laid waste the land,
I slew it with my sword in hand;
The wanderer now may wend his way,
The shepherd on his reed may play,
The pilgrim now, from terror free,
At holy shrine may bend the knee!"

But sternly looks the chief, and says,
"Well hast thou earned a hero's praise,
For valor most adorns the knight,
And thou hast fought a valiant fight.
But speak! what is the first of laws
For him who fights in Jesus' cause,
The sacred sign upon his mail?"
— And all that hear the words turn pale.
But he with noble firmness speaks,
A manly blush upon his cheeks,
"Obedience is the law divine
That makes him worthy of the sign."

"This law divine," the master said,
"Thy foot hath stamped with reckless tread;
A fight forbidden thou hast fought,
And held thy knightly faith at naught."
"Judge, master, when thou know'st the whole,"
Spake he, with calm untroubled soul.

"The Order's law, the master's will,
Deemed I most truly to fulfil;
Not rash and thoughtless did I go
To lay the fearful monster low,
But pondered well was my intent,
And more of wiles than blows were spent.

"Five noble knights had fallen low,
The victims of the dragon foe;
Then came thy mandate to abstain
From hopeless fight, from contest vain.
Ill might I brook the stern command,
That fettered my impatient brand,—
By busy day, by silent night,
I wrestled in the bloody fight;
And when with morning's early dawn
New cries of terror crossed the lawn,
My boiling blood I might not tame,
And vowed to wipe away our shame.

"And to myself I spake — what deed
Is youth's reward, is manhood's meed?
What did the sons of mighty name,
Whose praise heroic songs proclaim,
Who to the rank of deity
Were raised by blind idolatry?
Did they not purify the earth
From fearful things of monstrous birth?
Did they not face the lion's roar,
And wrestle with the Minotaur,
Bidding their blood in streams to flow,
That free the prisoned souls might go?

"Deserves alone the Moorish head
To fall beneath a Christian blade?
Fight we the idol gods alone?
No! every sigh and every groan
Sent up from every anguished breast,
Calls on the knight, with loud behest,
Courage with wisdom to unite,
And mingle cunning with his might—
Thus spake I oft, and wandering then,
Tracked out the dragon's bloody den;
Of many plans God showed me one.
I cried rejoicing,—'It is done!'

"And came to thee, and asked thy leave
To visit home, a short reprieve;
Thou, sire, didst not refuse my prayer,
And fleet o'er the wide seas I fare.
Scarce had I reached my native strand,
When, by an artist's cunning hand,
A dragon shape I made, and knew,
Well marked, each ugly feature true.
On stunted feet its monstrous weight
Climbs like a tower, in awkward height,
And round and round, a scaly mail
Scoffs every effort to assail.

"Its huge neck stretches many an ell,
And, like the yawning gates of hell,
Sucking their prey from every side,
Its jaws are opened long and wide;
Fierce in its swarthy mouth it shows
Sharp teeth in triple bristling rows;

Its tongue is like a pointed blade,
Its little eyes shoot lightnings dread,
Its grated spine, both broad and long,
Ends in a tail of serpent strong,
Whose bloody knots have often bound
Both man and beast in scapeless round.

"Thus shape I each minutest trait,
And clothe it in a dingy gray,
Seemed dragon half, and half a snake,
Born of the black infernal lake;
And when the shape was finished quite,
Two dogs I chose me strong and wight,
Well trained, I wis, by huntsmen good,
To chase the wild bull through the wood;
I drive them on, I chafe their ire,
They seize the scaly monster dire
With angry tooth, while standing nigh,
I urge them onwards with my cry.

"And when the belly's softer parts
Are open laid to hostile arts,
I made them seize the monster there,
And with their pointed fangs it tear.
Myself upon my Arab steed,
Of mettle proved, of noble breed,
Armed as for fiercest combat, storm
Against the hideous dragon-form.
With loud halloo for battle cry
I spur him on to victory;
And throw my darts with aim so true,
As might I pierce the dragon through.

"And though my proud steed rears him high,
And champs his bit impatiently,
And though my trim curs howl and moan,
Without remit I urge them on.
Thus are they trained from day to day,
Till thrice the moon renews her ray:
And when they are in finished train,
On winged ship I cross the main.
Three days have passed, have passed no more,
Since first I landed on this shore;
My weary limbs I might not rest
Till I fulfilled my high behest.

"For it did pierce me through and through
To hear the boors their cries renew,
And tell of shepherds gored and torn,
That in the foggy fens were lorn;
My heart commands, and I obey,
I gird me to the work straightway,
I mount my trusty Arab steed,
My trusty squires attend my need,
My faithful curs my voice obey,
And wend with me on secret way,
Where none might know our travel's bent,
Or interrupt our bold intent.

"Thou know'st the chapel, sire: it stands
Upon a rock whose height commands
The smiling island far and near;
No vulgar hand such work might rear.

And though without it seem but small,
Within its treasure passeth all·
The mother and the babe divine,
And the three kings that saw the sign;
Three times thirty steps ascends
The pilgrim, ere his labor ends,
But soon forgets the giddy road
When near to Christ, and near to God.

"Deep in the rock there is a grot,
Where light of glad day cometh not,
A noisome and empoisoned den,
Dank with thick vapors of the fen.
Within this den the dragon lay,
His victims watching night and day,
A hellish watchman at the gate
Of God's own house, the monster sate;
And when the pilgrim passed before
The spot oft stained with human gore,
From ambuscade the dragon came,
And swallowed up his weary frame.

"Before the doubtful fight I try,
The sacred rock I mounted high,
And knelt before the babe, to cleanse
My soul from sin by penitence.
There, when the wondrous image shone,
My glittering gear I girded on,
And with my good spear in the right,
Descend well-omened to the fight.

I leave behind my faithful band
Of squires, and give my last command;
And, mounting light my faithful steed,
Pray God to help me in my need.

"Scarce had I reached the open spot
That lies before the noisome grot,
When bark my curs, and snorts my steed,
And rears him high, and checks his speed;
For, lo! wound up in fearful clue,
Exposed the monster lies to view,
And basks him in the sultry sun;
My ready curs against him run,
But, rising quick, he gives them pause,
And wide he opes his ponderous jaws,
And sends his breath forth like a blight,
And howls like jackall in the night.

"But quickly I revive their rage,
And with new fury they engage,
While I my spear, my strongest, throw
With might against the scaly foe;
But powerless as a stone it falls
Thrown back from triple granite walls,
And ere I could renew my throw
My steed shies from the hideous foe;
He fears that eye of serpent glare,
He fears that breath that chokes the air,
And startles back — and now the strife
Well nigh had ended with my life.

"Quick from my steed I spring, and bear
My ready brand with threatful air;
But all my blows fall dintless on
That harness harder than the stone,
And with his tail, wide lashing round,
It brings me powerless to the ground.
Already seemed its yawning jaws
Before the mighty gulp to pause,
When rush my curs, a faithful pair,
Upon the softer parts laid bare,
And bite, and tear, and pinch it so,
It stands and howls for very woe.

"And while it howls in agony,
With sudden spring I shake me free,
Deep to the hilt my sword I bury
Within the monster's mesentery,
Where scales protect not from his foes,
And from the wound the black blood flows.
He sinks, and buries in his fall
Me with his body's weighty ball.
My senses leave me. In a swound
I lay; and when I looked around,
My faithful squires beside me stood,
And lies the Dragon in his blood."

Scarce had the noble youth made pause,
When loud arose the free applause:
Too long restrained the mingled tide
Of rival plaudits, multiplied,

Came from the echoing roof tenfold,
As swelling wave on wave is rolled.
His brother knights with one acclaim
Might crown him with a wreath of fame,
From street to street in triumph proud
Might bear him on the grateful crowd.
The master folds his brow severe,
And bids the throngs in silence hear.

And speaks: "Thy valiant hand hath slain
The foe that many fought in vain;
The grateful people's Deity,
Thou art thine order's enemy;
Thy heart hath borne a serpent, know,
Worse than the bloody dragon-foe.
That snake, the venom of thy breast,
A will it is by pride possessed,
Whose stubborn bent may not incline
To order and to discipline,
That man from man asunder tears,
And with itself to ruin bears.

"Wild courage may the Moor display,
A Christian's boast is to obey;
For where the Lord of earth and skies
Walked in a servant's humble guise,
The fathers of our order there
The vow of holy knighthood sware,
The hardest duty to fulfil,
To curb our own rebellious will!

Thee hath vainglory led astray,
Go, take thee from my sight away!
Who scorns his master's yoke divine,
Not worthy is to wear his sign."

Breaks out the crowd with angry roar,
His brother-knights for grace implore,
And shakes the pillared dome around;
But silent looks upon the ground
The youth, and doffs his knightly gear,
Kisses the master's hand severe,
And goes. He follows with his eye,
And back he calls him lovingly,
And speaks. — "Embrace me, noble son!
The harder fight thy faith hath won!
This cross receive. It is the meed
Of humble heart, and noble deed."

IBID.

RITTER TOGGENBURG.

"Knight, the love I owe a brother
I devote to thee,—
Seek, bold Knight, oh seek no other!
For it may not be.
Let me see thy peace returning
And thy self-command,
My calm soul thy restless yearning
Cannot understand."

And the Knight he heard in silence,
Durst no longer stay,
From her arms with sudden violence
Tore himself away.
Straight his followers round him rallied,
Formed a gallant band:
With the cross begirt, they sallied
To the Holy Land.

There, his figure wan and gory
Led the battle's van,
And with many a deed of glory
Scared the Mussulman.
But the barb still rankled in him,
Fame brought no relief,
Back to life it could not win him,
Could not soothe his grief.

Twelve long months he bore the burden
He could bear no more,
Then renounced the victor's guerdon
And the Paynim shore;
Saw a vessel, home returning,
Sail from Joppa's strand,
Flew to still his spirit's yearning
In his native land.

To the loved one's hall he bounded:
At her castle gate,
Sad, alas! the tidings sounded,
He had come too late.
"She you seek, from earth translated,
With the convent's vows,
Yesterday was consecrated
Heaven's accepted spouse."

Then the Knight renounced for ever
Castle, sword, and spear,
Saw his faithful vassals never,
Nor his steed so dear;
Left the grey ancestral towers,
Famed for knightly deeds,
Went in quest of humbler bowers,
Clothed in pilgrim's weeds;

Near her consecrated dwelling
Built his hermit-cell,
Where along the valley swelling
Pealed the convent bell.

There in lowly self-abasement,
Humble and resigned,
Oft he gazed toward the casement
Where his love was shrined.

Till her figure he discovered,
Till her image mild
Bending o'er the valley hovered,
On the valley smiled.
Then the Knight forgot his sorrow,
And, released from pain,
Slept in peace, until the morrow
Bade him weep again.

Years he spent in that lone bower,
Steadfast and resigned,
Watching still the convent tower
Where his love was shrined.
Thus one morning found him lying
Wrapt in Death's embrace;
Calm the eye that even in dying
Gazed on that dear face.

IBID.

THE PILGRIM.

Life's first beams were bright around me
When I left my father's cot,
Breaking every tie that bound me
To that dear and hallowed spot.

Childish hopes and youthful pleasures,
Freely I renounced them all,
Went in quest of nobler treasures,
Trusting to a higher call.

For to me a voice had spoken,
And a Spirit seemed to say
Wander forth! — the path is broken,
Yonder, eastward lies thy way.

Rest not till a golden portal
Thou hast reached; — there enter in,
And what thou hast prized as mortal,
There, immortal life shall win.

Evening came and morn succeeded,
On I sped and never tired;
Cold, nor heat, nor storm I heeded,
Boundless hope my soul inspired.

Giant cliffs rose up before me,
Horrid wilds around me lay,
O'er the cliffs my spirit bore me,
Through the wilds I forced my way;

Came to where a mighty river
  Eastward rolled its sullen tide;
Forth I launched with bold endeavour,—
  "Pilgrim stream, be thou my guide!"

It hath brought me to the ocean,
  Now, upon the wide, wide sea,
Where 's the land of my devotion?
  What I seek seems still to flee.

Woe is me! no path leads thither,
  Earth's horizons still retreat;
Yonder never will come hither,
  Sea and sky will never meet!

IBID.

THE NEWYEAR'S-NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

An old man stood in the newyear's night at his window and looked with a glance of fearful despair up to the immovable, ever-blooming heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, whereupon now no one was so joyless and sleepless as he. For his grave stood near him; it was only covered with the snow of old age, and not with the green foliage of youth, and he brought from a whole rich life nothing but errors, sins, and diseases, a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of repentance.

To-day the beautiful days of his youth reappeared like spectres, and reconveyed him to that lovely morning, when his father first placed him on the cross-way of life which leads on the right on the sunny path of virtue into a large, quiet land full of light and harvests, and which on the left plunges into the mole-walks of vice, into a black cave full of distilling poison, full of hissing snakes, and of dark, sultry vapors.

Alas the snakes were hanging on his breast and the drops of poison on his tongue, and he

knew not where he was. Distracted and with unspeakable grief he thus appealed to heaven: Give me back my youth, O father, place me again upon the cross-way, that I may choose otherwise. But his father and his youth were gone long ago. He saw ignes fatui dancing upon marshes and disappearing upon the cemetery, and he said: these are my foolish days! — He saw a star flying from heaven, glittering in its fall, and vanishing upon the earth: That am I, said his bleeding heart, and the snake-teeth of repentance probed deeper and deeper in his wounds. His flaming imagination showed him sleep-walkers fleeing upon the roofs, and the wind-mill lifted threatening her arms for destruction, and a scull, having been left behind in the charnel-house, gradually assumed his features.

In the midst of this struggle the music of the newyear flowed down from the steeple like far-off church melodies. His emotions began to soften. He looked about around the horizon, and over the far extending earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, who now happier and better than he, were teachers of the earth, fathers of happy children and blessed men, and he said: O I might also slumber like

you with dry eyes in this first night, if I had been willing: alas I might be happy, my dear parents, if I had listened to your counsel!

In the feverish remembrance of the time of his youth it appeared to him as if the scull in the charnel-house, which bore his features, raised itself; at length it became a living youth by that superstition, which in the newyear's night sees spirits of futurity. —

He could see it no more; he covered his eyes; a burning flood of tears rushed from his eyes, and vanished in the snow; — he sighed in accents scarcely audible: "Return, youth, return!" — And it did return; for thus horribly he only had dreamt. He was yet a youth; his errors only had been no dream. But he thanked God that he, yet young, was able to turn from the dirty walks of vice and to enter upon the sunny path, which leads into the land of harvests. Return with him, young reader, if thou art standing on his way of error. This terrifying dream would become in future thy judge. But if thou shouldst call once miserably: Return, beautiful youth; — it would not return! —

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

THE MOSS-ROSE.

The angel who watches over the flowers, and in the silent night sheds upon them the dew, once fell asleep in the season of spring, early in the morning, in the shade of a rose-bush. When he awoke, kindly smiling he thus addressed the rose-bush. Loveliest of my children, I thank thee for thy exquisite fragrance, and for thy ample shade. Canst thou not ask of me some new gift? How gladly would I grant it thee! Adorn me, then, with some new charm, replied the spirit of the rose-bush; and the genius of flowers spread over her a robe of simple moss! Behold the moss-rose, how modestly adorned, and yet the most beautiful of her species.

KRUMMACHER.

ASAPH.

Asaph, an admirable singer and harper, sat, at the midnight hour, in an upper room of his dwelling, and his countenance glowed with delight. For he thought of a hymn of praise in honor of the Lord, who created heaven and earth, and all that is therein. Thus Asaph sat meditating and his harp resting before him.

Suddenly it occurred to him to ascend to the broad, flat roof, and behold from thence the splendor of the starry heavens. My hymn, thought he, will then sound yet more delightfully.

He carried his harp upon his house-top, and gazing up into the heavens, he there beheld Orion, with all the host of stars, which were silently moving over his head in eternal splendor. The holy city, with the surrounding valleys and mountains, lay beneath, glistening in the light of the moon, while all the inhabitants slept in the silence of midnight. The breath of midnight swept over his harp, and the chords trembled.

But Asaph could sing no more; he leaned his head upon his harp in silence and wept.

When the day appeared, and the people ascended the holy mountain, and the noise was heard of the multitude crowding together, Asaph rose and went down, and boldly struck his harp, and his spirit mounted on the wings of song above the multitude around him.

IBID

THE INVITATION.

A LONELY cot is all I own:
It stands on yonder verdant down;
And near the brook — the brook is small,
Yet clear its bubbling fountains fall.

A spreading beech uprears its head,
And half conceals the humble shed:
From chilling winds a safe retreat;
A refuge from the noon-tide heat:

And on its boughs the nightingale
So sweetly tells her plaintive tale;
That oft the passing rustics stray,
With loitering steps to catch the lay.

Sweet blue-eyed maid, with locks so fair,
My heart's dear pride — my fondest care!
I hie me home — the storm doth lower:
Come share, sweet Maid, my sheltering tower!

GLEIM.

SONG.

Tell me where 's the violet fled,
Late so gayly blowing;
Springing 'neath fair Flora's tread,
Choicest sweets bestowing.
Swain, the vernal scene is o'er,
And the violet blooms no more!

Say, where hides the blushing rose,
Pride of fragrant morning;
Garland meet for Beauty's brows;
Hill and dale adorning.
Gentle Maid, the Summer's fled,
And the hapless rose is dead!

Bear me then to yonder rill,
Late so freely flowing,
Watering many a daffodil
On its margin glowing:
Sun and wind exhaust its store;
Yonder rivulet glides no more!

Lead me to the bowery shade,
Late with roses flaunting;
Loved resort of youth and maid,
Amorous ditties chaunting:
Hail and storm with fury shower;
Leafless mourns the rifled bower!

Say, where bides the village maid,
  Late yon cot adorning;
Oft I 've met her in the glade,
  Fair and fresh as morning:
Swain, how short is beauty's bloom!
Seek her in her grassy tomb.

Whither roves the tuneful swain,
  Who, of rural pleasures,
Rose and violet, rill and plain,
  Sung in deftest measures?
Maiden, swift Life's vision flies,
Death has closed the Poet's eyes!

JACOBI.

WATER-PIECE.

Delighted, my fancy still wanders,
Where flows the clear stream in meanders—
Still paints the gay bark on its tide.
Dear bark, where with bliss all elated,
Near Lucy, sweet maid, so oft seated,
I have loved down the current to glide.

We sailed on its soft-heaving billows,
And 'neath the cool shade of its willows,
Marked how the fish sported and played;
We marked the green margin so blooming,
As Spring all its charms was resuming,
And saw the lambs skip o'er the mead.

Sweet days! how I love to review them!
How fondly I long to renew them!
Dear maid, were they pleasing to thee?
If so, let us ship us together,
And steer through Life's fair and foul weather—
And Cupid our pilot shall be.

Overbeck.

ELLENORE.

I.

At break of day from frightful dreams
Upstarted Ellenore:
My William, art thou slayn, she sayde,
Or dost thou love no more?

II.

He went abroade with Richard's host
The paynim foes to quell;
But he no word to her had writt,
An he were sick or well.

III.

With blore of trump and thump of drum
His fellow-soldyers come,
Their helms bedeckt with oaken boughs,
They seeke their longed-for home.

IV.

And evry road and evry lane
Was full of old and young
To gaze at the rejoycing band,
To haile with gladsom toung.

V.

"Thank God!" their wives and children sayde,
"Welcome!" the brides did saye;

But greet or kiss gave Ellenore
To none upon that daye.

VI.

And when the soldyers all were bye,
She tore her raven hair,
And cast herself upon the growne,
In furious despair.

VII.

Her mother ran and lyfte her up,
And clasped in her arm,
"My child, my child, what dost thou ail?
God shield thy life from harm!"

VIII.

'O mother, mother! William 's gone
What 's all besyde to me?
There is no mercie, sure, above!
All, all were spared but he!'

IX.

"Kneele downe, thy paternoster saye,
'T will calm thy troubled spright:
The Lord is wise, the Lord is good;
What he hath done is right."

X.

'O mother, mother! saye not so;
Most cruel is my fate:
I prayde, and prayde; but watte avaylde?
'T is now, alas! too late.'

XI.

"Our Heavenly Father, if we praye,
Will help a suffring child:
Go take the holy sacrament;
So shal thy grief grow mild."

XII.

'O mother, what I feele within,
No sacrament can staye;
No sacrament can teche the dead
To bear the sight of daye.'

XIII.

"May-be, among the heathen folk
Thy William false doth prove,
And put away his faith and troth,
And take another love.

XIV.

"Then wherefor sorrowe for his loss?
Thy moans are all in vain:
But when his soul and body parte,
His falsehode brings him pain."

XV.

'O mother, mother! gone is gone:
My hope is all forlorn;
The grave my only safeguard is —
O, had I ne'er been born!

XVI.

'Go out, go out, my lamp of life;
In grizely darkness die:
There is no mercie, sure, above!
For ever let me lie.'

XVII.

"Almighty God! O do not judge
My poor unhappy child;
She knows not what her lips pronounce,
Her anguish makes her wild.

XVIII.

"My girl, forget thine earthly woe,
And think on God and bliss;
For so, at least, shal not thy soul
Its heavenly bridegroom miss."

XIX.

'O mother, mother! what is bliss,
And what the fiendis cell?
With him 't is heaven any where,
Without my William, hell.

XX.

'Go out, go out, my lamp of life,
In endless darkness die:
Without him I must loathe the earth,
Without him scorne the skie.'

XXI.

And so despair did rave and rage
Athwarte her boiling veins;
Against the Providence of God
She hurlde her impious strains.

XXII.

She bet her breast, and wrung her hands,
And rollde her tearless eye,
From rise of morn, til the pale stars
Again orespred the skye.

XXIII.

When harke! abroade she herde the tramp
Of nimble-hoofed steed;
She herde a knight with clank alighte,
And climbe the stair in speed.

XXIV.

And soon she herde a tinkling hand,
That twirled at the pin;
And thro her door, that opend not,
These words were breathed in.

XXV.

"What ho! what ho! thy door undo;
Art watching or asleepe?
My love, dost yet remember me,
And dost thou laugh or weepe?"

XXVI.

'Ah! William here so late at night!
Oh! I have wachte and waked:
Whense art thou come? For thy return
My heart has sorely aked.'

XXVII.

"At midnight only we may ride;
I come ore land and see:
I mounted late, but soone I go;
Aryse, and come with mee."

XXVIII.

'O William, enter first my bowre,
And give me one embrace:
The blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss;
Awayte a little space.'

XXIX.

"Tho blasts athwarte the hawthorn hiss,
I may not harbour here;
My spurs are sett, my courser pawes,
My hour of flight is nere.

XXX.

"All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, and mount behinde;
To-night we'le ride a thousand miles,
The bridal bed to finde."

XXXI.

'How, ride to-night a thousand miles?
Thy love thou dost bemock:
Eleven is the stroke that still
Rings on within the clock.'

XXXII.

"Looke up; the moon is bright, and we
Outstride the earthly men:
I'le take thee to the bridal bed,
And night shall end but then."

XXXIII.

'And where is then thy house, and home,
And bridal bed so meet?'
"'T is narrow, silent, chilly, low,
Six planks, one shrouding sheet."

XXXIV.

'And is there any room for me,
Wherein that I may creepe?'
"There 's room enough for thee and me,
Wherein that we may sleepe.

XXXV.

"All as thou lyest upon thy couch,
Aryse, no longer stop;
The wedding-guests thy coming wayte,
The chamber-door is ope."

XXXVI.

All in her sarke, as there she lay,
Upon his horse she sprung;
And with her lily hands so pale
About her William clung.

XXXVII.

And hurry-skurry off they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

XXXVIII.

How swift the flood, the mead, the wood,
Aright, aleft, are gone!
The bridges thunder as they pass,
But earthly sowne is none.

XXXIX.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

XL.

"The moon is bright, and blue the night;
Dost quake the blast to stem?
Dost shudder, mayd, to seeke the dead?"
'No, no, but what of them?'

XLI.

How glumly sownes yon dirgy song!
Night-ravens flappe the wing.
What knell doth slowly tolle ding dong?
The psalms of death who sing?

XLII.

Forth creeps a swarthy funeral train,
A corse is on the biere;
Like croke of todes from lonely moores,
The chauntings meete the eere.

XLIII.

"Go, beare her corse when midnight 's past,
With song, and tear, and wail;
I 've gott my wife, I take her home,
My hour of wedlock hail!

XLIV.

"Leade forth, O clark, the chaunting quire,
To swelle our spousal-song:
Come, preest, and reade the blessing soone;
For our dark bed we long."

XLV.

The bier is gon, the dirges hush;
His bidding all obaye,
And headlong rush thro briar and bush,
Beside his speedy waye.

XLVI.

Halloo! halloo! how swift they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

XLVII.

How swift the hill, how swift the dale,
Aright, aleft, are gon!
By hedge and tree, by thorp and town,
They gallop, gallop on.

XLVIII.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

XLIX.

"Look up, look up, an airy crew
In roundel daunces reele:
The moon is bright, and blue the night,
Mayst dimly see them wheele.

L.

"Come to, come to, ye ghostly crew,
Come to, and follow me,
And daunce for us the wedding daunce,
When we in bed shal be."

LI.

And brush, brush, brush, the ghostly crew
Came wheeling ore their heads,
All rustling like the witherd leaves
That wide the whirlwind spreads.

LII.

Halloo! halloo! away they go,
Unheeding wet or dry;
And horse and rider snort and blow,
And sparkling pebbles fly.

LIII.

And all that in the moonshyne lay,
Behind them fled afar;
And backward scudded overhead
The skie and every star.

LIV.

Tramp, tramp, across the land they speede;
Splash, splash, across the see:
"Hurrah! the dead can ride apace;
Dost feare to ride with mee?

LV.

"I weene the cock prepares to crowe;
The sand will soon be run:
I snuffe the early morning air;
Downe, downe! our work is done.

LVI.

"The dead, the dead can ride apace:
Our wed-bed here is fit:
Our race is ridde, our journey ore,
Our endless union knit."

LVII.

And lo! an yron-grated gate
Soon biggens to their view:
He crackde his whyppe; the locks, the bolts,
Cling, clang! asunder flew.

LVIII.

They passe, and 't was on graves they trodde;
"'T is hither we are bound:"
And many a tombstone ghastly white
Lay in the moonshyne round.

LIX.

And when he from his steed alytte,
His armure, black as cinder,
Did moulder, moulder all awaye,
As were it made of tinder.

LX.

His head became a naked scull;
Nor hair nor eyne had he:
His body grew a skeleton,
Whilome so blithe of ble.

LXI.

And at his dry and boney heel
No spur was left to bee;
And in his witherd hand you might
The scythe and hour-glass see.

LXII.

And lo! his steed did thin to smoke,
And charnel-fires outbreathe;
And paled, and bleachde, then vanishde quite
The mayd from underneathe.

LXIII.

And hollow howlings hung in air,
And shrekes from vaults arose:
Then knewe the mayd she might no more
Her living eyes unclose.

LXIV.

But onward to the judgment-seat,
Thro mist and moonlight dreare,
The ghostly crew their flight persewe,
And hollowe in her eare:

LXV.

"Be patient; tho thyne herte should breke,
Arrayne not Heaven's decree;
Thou nowe art of thy bodie reft,
Thy soul forgiven bee!"

BÜRGER.

THE WILD HUNTER.

I.

His bugle horn the margrave sounds.
Halloo-loo-loo! to horse, to horse.
Neighs the brisk steed, and forward bounds;
The pack uncoupled join his course.
With bark and yelp, they brush and rush,
Through corn and thorn, through wood and bush.

II.

The Sunday morning's early ray
Had clad the lofty spire in gold;
And deep and shrill, with dong and ding,
The bells their matin chiming tolled;
While from afar resounds the lay
Of pious people come to pray.

III.

Yolohee! dash athwart the train,
With trampling haste the margrave rides;
When lo! two horsemen speed amain,
To join the chase from different sides;
One from the right on milk-white steed,
The left bestrode a swarthy breed.

IV.

And who were then the stranger-pair?
I guess indeed, but may not say:
The right-hand horseman, young and fair,
Looked blooming as the dawn of May;
The other's eyes with fury glow,
And tempests loured on his brow.

V.

"Be welcome, sirs, I'm starting now;
You hit the nick of time and place;
Not earth or heaven can bestow
A princelier pleasure than the chase."
Giving his side a hearty slap;
He waved aloof his hunter's cap.

VI.

"Ill suits the bugle's boisterous noise
With sabbath-chime, and hymned prayer,
(Quoth the fair youth in gentle voice,)
To-day thy purposed sport forbear:
Let thy good angel warn thee now,
Nor to thy evil genius bow."

VII.

"Hunt on, my noble fellow, on,"
The dingy horseman briskly cries,
"Their psalms let lazy cowards con,
For us a gayer sun shall rise:
What best beseems a prince I teach,
Unheeded let yon stripling preach."

VIII.

"His ghostly counsels I shall scorn,"
The margrave said, and spurred his steed,
"Who fears to follow hound and horn,
Let him the paternoster heed.
If this, Sir Gentle, vexes you,
Pray join at church the saintly crew."

IX.

With sixteen antlers on his head
A milk-white stag before them strode.
Soho! hurrah! at once they sped
O'er hill and wood, o'er field and flood.
Aleft, aright, beside the knight,
Rode both the strangers black and white.

X.

Louder their bugle-horns they wind,
The horses swifter spurn the ground;
And now before, and now behind,
Crushed, gasping, howls some trampled hound.
"There let him burst, and rot to hell,
Our princely sport this must not quell."

XI.

The quarry seeks a field of corn,
And hopes to find a shelter there.
See the poor husbandman forlorn
With clasped hands is drawing near.
"Have pity, noble Sir, forbear,
My little only harvest spare."

XII.

The right-hand stranger calls aside;
The other cheers him to the prey.
The margrave bawls with angry chide:
"Vile scoundrel, take thyself away."
Then cracks the lifted whip on high,
And cuts him cross the ear and eye.

XIII.

So said and done, o'er ditch and bank
The margrave gallops at a bound;
And with him pours in rear and flank
The train of man and horse and hound.
Horse, hound, and man, the corn-field scour,
Its dust and chaff the winds devour.

XIV.

Affrighted at the growing din
The timid stag resumes his flight,
Runs up and down, and out and in,
Until a meadow caught his sight,
Where, couched among the fleecy breed,
He slily hopes to hide his head.

XV.

But up and down, and out and in,
The hounds his tainted track pursue;
Again he hears the growing din,
Again the hunters cross his view.
The shepherd, for his charge afraid,
Before the margrave, kneeling, said:

XVI.

"In mercy, noble lord, keep back;
This is the common of the poor;
Unless you whistle off the pack,
We shall be starved for want of store.
These sheep our little cotters owe,
Here grazes many a widow's cow."

XVII.

The right-hand stranger calls aside;
The other cheers him to proceed.
Again the knight, with angry chide,
Repels the peasant's humble plead:
"Wert thou within thy cattle's skin,
I would not call a bloodhound in."

XVIII.

He sounds the bugle loo-loo-loo!
The dogs come yelping at the sound;
With fury fierce the eager crew
Pounce on whatever stood around.
The shepherd, mangled, blood-besmeared,
Falls; and, beside him all the herd.

XIX.

Roused by the murderous whoop so near
The stag once more his covert breaks;
Panting, in foam, with gushing tear,
The darkness of the wood he seeks,
And, where a lonely hermit dwells,
Takes refuge in the hallowed cells.

XX.

With crack of whip, and blore of horn,
Yolohee! on! hurrah! soho!
Rash rush the throng thro' bush and thorn,
And thither still pursue the foe.
Before the door, in gentle guise,
His prayer the holy hermit tries.

XXI.

"Break off thy course, my voice attend,
Nor God's asylum dare profane;
To Heaven not in vain ascend
The groans of suffering beast or man.
For the last time be warned, and bow,
Else punishment shall seize thee now."

XXII.

The right-hand stranger pleads again,
With anxious mildness to forbear;
The left-hand horseman shouts amain,
And cheers the margrave still to dare.
In spite of the good angel's call,
He lets the evil one enthral.

XXIII.

"Perdition here, perdition there,"
He bellows, "I as nothing reck;
If God's own footstool were its lair,
The gates of Heaven should not check.
On, comrades, on!" he rode before,
And burst athwart the oriel door.

XXIV.

At once has vanisht all the rout,
Hermit, and hut, and stag, and hound;
Nor whip, nor horn, nor bark, nor shout,
Amid the dun abyss resound.
Dim chilly mists his sight appal;
A deadly stillness swallows all.

XXV.

The knight, affrighted, stares around;
He bawls, but tries in vain to hear;
He blows his horn, it yields no sound,
Cuts with his lash the silent air,
And spurs his steed on either side,
But from the spot he cannot ride.

XXVI.

Darker and darker grow the skies,
As were he shrouded in a grave:
And from afar below arise
Sounds as of ocean's restless wave:
While from on high, thro' clouds and gloom,
A voice of thunder speaks his doom:

XXVII.

"Thou fiend beneath a human shape,
Scorner of beast, of man — of God,
Know that no creature's groans escape
His ear, or his avenging rod.
Fly, and that princes long may heed,
Shall Hell and Devil dog thy speed."

XXVIII.

Cold shudders thrill through flesh and bone ;
The voice his soul of hope bereaves ;
A flash of tawny lightning shone
Upon the forest's rustling leaves ;
And chilly winds begin to roar,
And showery tempests drift and pour.

XXIX.

Louder and louder howls the storm,
And from the ground, bow wow! soho!
A thousand hell-hounds, ghaunt of form,
Burst open-mouthed — at him they go —
And there 's a ghastly hunter too,
Horsed on the steed of dingy hue —

XXX.

The margrave scuds o'er field and wood,
And shrieks to them in vain to spare ;
Hell follows still through fire or flood,
By night, by day, in earth, in air. —
This is the chase the hunter sees,
With midnight horror, thro' the trees.

IBID.

THE MENAGERIE OF THE GODS.

Our lap-dogs and monkeys, our squirrels and cats,
Our parrots, canaries, and larks,
Have furnished amusement to many old maids,
And once in a while to young sparks.

In heaven, where time passes heavily too,
When the gods have no subject to talk on,
Jove calls for an eagle, he keeps in a mew,
As an old English baron his falcon.

He lets it jump on to his sofa and chair,
And dip its crooked beak in his cup;
And laugh when it pinches young Ganymede's ear,
Or eats his ambrosia up.

Queen Juno, who fears from rough play a mishap,
Keeps peacocks with rainbowy tails;
And when she 's disposed to grudge Saturn his nap,
Their screaming or screeching ne'er fails.

Fair Venus most willingly coaxes the doves,
That coo, woo, and wed, on her wrist;
The sparrow, her chambermaid Aglăe loves,
As often is fondled and kist.

Minerva, too proud to seem pleased with a trifle,
Professes to keep her old owl,
The crannies and chinks of Olympus to rifle;
For rats, mice, and vermin, to prowl.

Apollo, above stairs, a first-rate young blood,
Has a stud of four galloway ponies;
To gallop them bounding on heaven's high road,
A principal part of his fun is.

'T is fabled or known, he instructed a swan,
One spring, to outwhistle a blackbird,
Which sings the Castalian streamlet upon,
Like any Napolitan lack-beard.

Lyæus in India purchased a pair
Of tigers, delightfully pyballed,
And drives them about at the speed of a hare,
With self-satisfaction unrivalled.

At Pluto's black gate, in a kennel at rest,
A mastiff so grim has his station,
That fearful of reaching the fields of the blest,
Some ghosts have made choice of damnation.

But among all the animals, little and great,
That are fostered and pampered above,
The ass, old Silenus selects for his mate,
Is that which most fondly I love.

So quiet, so steady, so guarded, and slow,
He bears no ill-will in his mind;
And nothing indecent, as far I know,
Escapes him before or behind.

So fully content with himself and his lord,
He is used with good humor to take

Whatever the whims of the moment afford,
Be it drubbing, or raisins and cake.

He knows of himself every step of the way,
Both down to the cellar and back;
A qualification, I venture to say,
No butler of mine is to lack.

So largo his rump, so piano his pace,
'T is needless the rider to gird on;
Tho' fuddled the god, tho' uneven the ways,
He never gets rid of his burden.

An ass such as this all my wishes would fill;
O grant me, Silenus, one prayer,
When thou art a dying, and planning thy will,
Good father, do make me thy heir!

IBID.

THE SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN.

Of the Brave man, high sounds the praise,
As organ-tone or pealing bell;
Whom gold repays not, song repays;
High courage, song repays it well!
Thank God I sing! so I can raise
A proud song to the brave man's praise!

A thaw-wind came from the southern sea,
And moist through Italy it blew;
As 'fore the wolf the scared herds flee,
So the wild clouds before it flew:
It drenched the fields, the frost unlocked,
And the swoln streams with freed ice blocked.

The mountain snows thawed suddenly;
Down were a thousand floods impelled;
The meadow-vale became a sea,
And the great river swelled and swelled;
High rolled its waves along their course
Huge blocks of ice with mighty force.

The river spanned from side to side
A bridge, well built of freestone good,
On pillars and strong arches wide;
And on it a small toll-house stood,
Where dwelt, with wife and child, a man —
"Fly, Tollman, quickly, while you can!"

The threatening ruin o'er them hung,
And storm and waves howled round about;
Up to the roof the Tollman sprung,
And wildly through the roof looked out.
"Merciful Heaven! O pity thou!
Lost are we! — who can save us now?"

On rolled the ice-flood's furious course,
Now here now there, from shore to shore,
And from both shores, with rushing force,
The pillars and the arches tore.
The active man, with wife and child,
Than stream or wind cried yet more wild.

On rolled the ice flood, shock on shock,
'Gainst both ends of the bridge it dashed,
And pillar after pillar shook;
One moment shook, and then down crashed.
Against the middle strikes it now —
Merciful Heaven! O pity thou!

High on the farther shore there stands
A crowd of people, great and small,
And each one cries and wrings his hands,
And yet no succour brings at all;
The while the Tollman wildly made,
Through stream and wind demand for aid.

Song of the Brave, when soundest thou
Like organ-tone and pealing bell?

Go to! — so name him, name him now!
Sweet song, his name when wilt thou tell?
The flood strikes 'gainst the middle now —
Oh! brave man, brave man, where art thou?

Quick galloped then unto the strand
An Earl — on a proud horse rode he;
What held that good Earl in his hand?
A purse, as full as it could be:
"Two hundred pistoles," spoke he clear,
"For him who saves the three, are here!"

And now, the Earl, is he the brave?
Say on, my noble song, say on: —
By the high God, the Earl was brave!
And yet I know a braver one. —
Brave man! brave man, let 's look on thee —
For ruin now comes frightfully!

And higher, higher rose the swell,
And louder, louder howled the storm,
Yet lower still men's courage fell. —
O saviour, saviour! quickly come;
For gone is every pillar's stay,
And next the mid-arch must give way!

"Hollo! hollo! Up, boldly dare!"
High held the Earl that purse of worth,
And all men heard, yet all forbear —
Out of the thousands none step forth;

Vainly, through stream and wind yet made
The Tollman his lorn cry for aid!

See, see a simple countryman
With walking-staff in hand comes now;
Coarse was the garment he had on,
Yet noble was his form and brow:
He heard the Earl, he took his word,
And the poor Tollman's cry he heard.

Then boldly, in God's name, he sprang
Into the nearest fishing-boat;
Spite whirlpool, storm, and tempest-clang,
Safely the light bark kept afloat —
Yet woe! the boat was all too small
From death, at once, to rescue all!

And three times, spite of tempest's rack,
The small boat flood and whirlpool braved,
And three times happily came back —
And thus they all were nobly saved:
Yet scarce the last safe port had won,
When, crash! the latest arch came down.

Who is the brave man — who is he?
Say on, my noble song, say on —
He risked his life most generously;
Yet for reward was it not done;
Since, had the Earl his pistoles spared,
Perchance, his life he had not dared.

"Here," said the Earl, "my valiant friend,
Is thy reward — 't is thine — come forth!"
Say now, could aught that act amend? —
By God! his was a heart of worth! —
Yet beat for a far nobler part,
Beneath his cloak, that peasant's heart.

"My life," said he, "may not be sold;
I want not, though my wealth be small;
To the poor Tollman give thy gold,
Who in the flood has lost his all."
Thus, with a kind voice, did he say, —
Then turned his steps, and went his way.

Of the brave man high sounds the praise,
As organ-tone or pealing bell;
Whom gold repays not, song repays;
High courage, song repays it well!
Thank God, I sing! so I can raise
Immortal songs, brave men to praise!

IBID.

THE OAK TREES.

Evening is near — the sun's last rays have darted
O'er the red sky — day's busy sounds wax low ;
Beneath your shade I seat me, anxious hearted,
Full of high thoughts and manhood's youthful glow:
Ye true old witnesses of times departed!
Still are ye decked in young life's greenest show ;
The strong old days — the past world's forms of power —
Still in your pride of strength before us tower!

Much that was noble, Time hath been defiling!
Much that was fair, an early death hath died!
Still through your leaf-crown glimmers, faintly smiling,
The last departing glow of eventide!
Careless ye view the Fates wide ruins piling —
In vain time menaces your healthy pride,
And voices whisper, through your branches sighing,
" All that is great must triumph over dying! "

Thus have ye triumphed! O'er what droops decaying,
Green, fresh, and strong, ye rear your lusty heads:
No weary pilgrim, through the forest straying,
But rests him in the shade your branch-work spreads ;

E'en when your leaves are dead, each light wind playing
On the glad earth their precious tribute sheds;
Thus, o'er your roots, your fallen children sleeping,
Hold all your next spring glories in sure keeping!

Fair Images of true old German feeling!
As it showed in my country's better days,
When, fearlessly with life's-blood freedom sealing,
Her sons died, glad the holy war to raise!
Ah! what avails our common grief revealing!
On every heart a hand of death it lays;
My German land! thou noblest under heaven!
Thine Oak-trees stand—Thou down to earth art driven!

Körner.

ON RAUCH'S BUST OF QUEEN LOUISA.

Thou sleepst so soft! — still life's fair visions over
Each tranquil feature breathe once more in seeming;
Thy clear mild eyes, just closed in peaceful dreaming,
With scarcely folded wings light slumbers cover:
Thus slumber on, till thy Land's sons, redeeming
God's favor, gladly give life to recover:
Their freedom — when upon each hill bright hover
The beacons; and their rusted swords are gleaming —
Through night and death deep the Lord's hosts are driven.
Thus, through hard fight alone the boon is given
That our sons freemen live in earth and Heaven!
When thy land calls on thee, just vengeance taking;
Rise, German Wife! when Freedom's morn is breaking —
For the good cause a guardian Angel waking!

Ibid.

PRAYER DURING FIGHT.

FATHER, I call on Thee!
Clouds of the cannon smoke round me are wreathing,
Thunders in hissing flames round me are breathing,
Guider of battles, I call on Thee!
Father, oh, lead Thou me!

Father, oh, lead Thou me!
Lead me in victory, lead me in dying:
Lord, I acknowledge Thy hand on me lying;
Lord, as Thou willest, thus lead Thou me.
God, I acknowledge Thee!

God, I acknowledge Thee!
In falling murmurs the Autumn leaves under,
As in the storm of the fight's pealing thunder,
Fountain of Grace, I acknowledge Thee!
Father, oh, bless Thou me!

Father, oh, bless Thou me!
My life I trust to Thee, Father in Heaven,
Thou canst retake it, Thou hast it given;
In life and in death, oh, bless Thou me!
Father, all praise to thee!

Father, all praise to Thee!
We for no riches of earth are contending,
All that is holy our swords are defending;
Then dying, conquering, still praise we Thee!
God, oh, dispose of me!

God, oh, dispose of me!
When death's loud thunder my last breath is hailing!
When in my open veins life-blood is failing:
Thou, my God, then oh dispose of me!
Father, I call on Thee!

IBID.

LEAVE-TAKING FROM LIFE.

The deep wound burns — my parched lips coldly quiver —
I feel, by my faint heart's unsteady beating,
That the last pulse of my young life is fleeting —
God, to thy hands my spirit I deliver!
How sounds of coming death all harshly sever
The fair dream-music, where bright forms were meeting!
Yet, courage! what hath given my heart true greeting,
I shall yet keep to dwell with me for ever!
And all towards which my worship here ascended,
What my hot youth, with fieriest zeal defended,
Now viewed in Freedom — once with love all blended,
I see, as a light seraph, o'er me flying —
And whilst each fainting sense is slowly dying,
It wafts sweet airs with Heaven's morn-fragrance sighing!

Ibid.

SWORD SONG.

Sword at my left side gleaming!
Why is thy keen glance beaming,
So fondly bent on mine?
I love that smile of thine!
Hurrah!

"Borne by a trooper daring,
My looks his fire-glance wearing,
I arm a freeman's hand,
This well delights thy brand,
Hurrah!"

Aye, good sword! Free I wear thee;
And true heart's love I bear thee,
Betrothed one at my side,
As my dear chosen bride.
Hurrah!

"To thee till death united,
Thy steel's bright life is plighted;
Ah, were my love but tried!
When wilt thou wed thy bride?
Hurrah!"

The trumpet's festal warning
Shall hail our bridal morning;
When loud the cannon chide,
Then clasp I my loved bride,
Hurrah!

"Oh, joy, when thine arms hold me!
I pine until they fold me.
Come to me! bridegroom, come!
Thine is my maiden bloom.
Hurrah!"

Why, in thy sheath upspringing,
Thou, wild dear steel, art ringing?
Why clanging with delight,
So eager for the fight?
Hurrah!

"Well may thy scabbard rattle,
Trooper, I pant for battle;
Right eager for the fight,
I clang with wild delight.
Hurrah!"

Why thus, my love, forth creeping?
Stay, in thy chamber sleeping,
Wait, still, i' th' narrow room;
Soon for my bride I come.
Hurrah!

"Keep me not longer pining!
Oh, for Love's garden, shining
With roses, bleeding red
And blooming with the dead!
Hurrah!"

Come from thy sheath then, treasure!
Thou Trooper's true eye-pleasure;
Come forth, my good sword, come!
Enter thy father-home!

Hurrah!

"Ha! in the free air glancing,
How brave this bridal dancing!
How in the Sun's glad beams,
Bride-like thy bright steel gleams!

Hurrah!"

Come on, ye German Horsemen!
Come on, ye valiant Norsemen!
Swells not your hearts' warm tide?
Clasp each in hand his bride!

Hurrah!

Once at your left side sleeping,
Scarce her veiled glance forth peeping,
Now, wedded with your right,
God plights your bride i' th' light.

Hurrah!

Then press, with warm caresses,
Close lips, and bridal kisses,
Your steel — curst be his head,
Who fails the bride he wed!

Hurrah!

Now, till your swords flash, flinging
Clear sparks forth, wave them singing:
Day dawns for bridal pride;
Hurrah, thou Iron-bride!

Hurrah!

IBID.

LUTZOW'S WILD CHASE.

What gleams through yon wood in the sun-light gay?
— Hark! — nearer and nearer sounding,
They gallop towards us in dark array!
And echoing horns loudly ring o'er their way,
Till fear chills our hearts' free bounding:
Should ye ask who that band of black riders are,
That is Lutzow's Chase, the wild Yägers of war!

What brushes quick yon dark forest round —
From hill to hill lightly glances?
They lie by night in their ambush-ground;
Their huzza peals — loud their carabines sound!
I' th' death-leap each French fool dances;
Should ye ask who that band of black hunters are,
That is Lutzow's Chase, the wild Yägers of war!

Where yon grapes ripely cluster, — yon loud waves shine,
The wretches would lurk in their flying;
Like a storm-cloud rushes that long dark line,
They swim, with stout arms, o'er the rapid Rhine,
To the shore where their foemen are lying;
Should ye ask who that band of black swimmers are,
That is Lutzow's Chase, the wild Yägers of war!

Why peals through yon valley the stormy fight?
What sabres are yonder clashing?
There th' wild-hearted warriors strike for their right—
There the sparks of Freedom burst free to light,
Till they blaze up in blood-flames flashing!
Should ye ask who that band of black troopers are,
That is Lutzów's Chase, the wild Yägers of war!

In his last sun-light yonder who gasping lies,
Corpse-pillowed by ranks he has shivered?
Death heavily weighs on his sinking eyes,
Yet his stout heart quails not — he gladly dies,
For his Fatherland is delivered!
Should ye ask who those black dying warriors are,
That was Lutzow's Chase, the wild Yägers of war,

Our own wild Chase, 't is our German Chase,
'Gainst the Tyrant's blood, the Oppressor!
Then each who beloves us dries tears from her face,
When our Land is once freed, and day fair in night's place,
Though our death have won Freedom to bless her;
And from sons down to sons shall our names be told far—
That was LUTZOW'S CHASE — the wild Yägers of war!

IBID.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night
To the weary slumbers light,
Day draws softly to its close,
Busy hands now seek repose,
Till awakes the morning bright.
Good night!

Seek repose,
Weary eyelids gently close,
Still, more still the lonely street,
The watchman's horn sounds far and sweet,
And the night bids friend and foes
'Seek repose!'

Slumber sweet!
Dreams of heaven around thee meet;
Him whom love tormenta by day
Shall the dreams of night repay;
Him the loved one's voice shall greet
'Slumber sweet.'

Good night,
Slumber till the day dawns bright,
Slumber till another morrow
Comes with all its care and sorrow —
Our father watches — fear takes flight,
Good night! — Good night!

IBID.

TO MRS. HEMANS.

FROM THE FATHER OF THEODORE KÖRNER.

Gently, a voice from afar is borne to the ear of the mourner;
Mildly it soundeth — yet strong, grief in his bosom to soothe;
Strong in the soul-cheering faith, that hearts have a share in his sorrow,
In whose depths, all things holy and noble are shrined.
From that land, once dearly beloved by our brave one — the fallen,
Mourning blent with bright fame — cometh a wreath for his urn.
Hail to thee, England the free! thou seest in the German no stranger!
Over the earth and the seas, joined be both lands, heart and hand!

BRANDENBURGH HARVEST SONG.

The corn, in golden light,
Waves o'er the plain;
The sickle's gleam is bright;
Full swells the grain.

Now send we far around
Our harvest lay!—
Alas! a heavier sound
Comes o'er the day!

Earth shrouds with burial sod
Her soft eye's blue,—
Now o'er the gifts of God
Fall tears like dew!

On every breeze a knell
The hamlets pour,—
We know its cause too well,
She is no more!

La Motte Fouque.

BATH-SONG TO SING IN THE SOUND.

I.

Mild zephyrs are streaming,
The sun is still beaming,
And sparkles the wave;
It looks so alluring,
The coolness securing,
Our limbs let us lave.

II.

Here, where either ocean,
Like armies in motion,
Are met in the plain;
We 'll plunge through the billow,
And floating we 'll pillow
Our heads on the main.

III.

Though Titan be sinking,
The sea-nymphs are winking,
And proffer their kiss.
The moon is arising,
Nor shames at surprising
Our innocent bliss.

IV.

O'er glittering surges
The calm swimmer urges
His wanderings soon:

O exquisite pleasure!
To bathe at our leisure,
With sun and with moon.

STOLBERG.

THE WANDERER.

I come down from the Hills alone,
Mist wraps the vale, the billows moan;
I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing — *Where?*

The sunshine round seems dim and cold,
And flowers are pale, and life is old,
And words fall soulless on my ear,—
— Oh! I am still a stranger here.

Where art thou, Land, sweet Land, mine own?
Still sought for, longed for, never known?
The Land, the Land of Hope, of Light,
Where glow my Roses freshly bright,
And where my friends the green paths tread,
And where in beauty rise my Dead,
The Land that speaks my native speech,
The blessed Land I may not reach!

I wander on in thoughtful care,
For ever asking, sighing — *Where?*
And Spirit-sounds come answering this
— "*There, where thou art not, there is bliss!*"

Schmidt von Lubeck.

THE MAY LILIES TO ADELAIDE.

Faded are our sister flowers,
  Faded all and gone;
In the meadows, in the bowers,
  We are left alone;
Dark above our valley lowers
  That funereal sky,
And the thick and chilling showers
  Now come blighting by.

Drooping stood we in the strife,
  Pale and tempest-shaken,
Weeping that our love and life
  Should at once be taken:
Wishing, while within its cover
  Each wan flower withdrew,
That like those whose life was over,
  We had withered too.

But the air a soothing ditty
  Whispered silently;
How that love and gentlest pity
  Still abode with thee;
How thy very presence, ever
  Shed a sunny glow, —
And where thou wert smiling, never
  Tears were seen to flow.

So to thee, thou gentle spirit,
  Are the wanderers come ;
Let the weak thy care inherit,
  Take the trembling home ;
Though the bloom that did surround us
  Withered with the blast,
Still the scent that hangs around us
  Lives when that hath passed.

SCHULTZE.

SONG.

Steeds are neighing, swords are gleaming,
Germany's revenge is nigh;
And the banners brightly streaming
Wave us on to victory.

Rouse thee, then, fond heart, and see
For a time thy task forsaken;
Bear what life hath laid on thee,
And forget what it hath taken!

Ibid.

SONG.

THE chief of the huntsmen is Death, whose aim
Soon levels the brave and the craven;
He crimsons the field with the blood of his game,
But the booty he leaves to the raven.
Like the stormy tempest that flies so fast,
O'er moor and mountain he gallops fast;
Man shakes
And quakes
At his bugle blast.

But what boots it, my friends, from the hunter to flee,
Who shoots with the shafts of the grave?
Far better to meet him thus manfully,
The brave by the side of the brave!
And when against us he shall turn his brand,
With his face to the foe let each hero stand,
And await
His fate
From a hero's hand.

IBID.

A FRAGMENT.

And now 't is o'er — the long-planned work is done,
The last sad meed that love and longing gave:
Beside thy bier the strain was first begun,
And now I lay the gift upon thy grave.
The bliss — the bale, through which my heart hath run,
Are mirrored in the story's mystic wave;
Take then the song, that in my bitter grief
Hath been my latest joy, my sole relief.

As mariners that on the flowery side
Of some fair coast have for a time descended;
And many a town and many a tower descried,
And many a blooming grove and plain extended;
Till borne again to sea by wind and tide,
They see the picture fade, the vision ended;—
So in the darkening distance do I see
My hopes grow dim, my joy and solace flee.

Such as thou didst in love and life appear,
In joy, in grief, in pleasure, and in pain,
Such have I strove in words to paint thee here,
And link thy beauties with my lowly strain.
Still as I sang, thy form was floating near,
And hand in hand with thee, the goal I gain;
Alas, that with the wreath that binds my brow,
My visionary bliss must vanish now!

Three years in that fond dream have fleeted by,
For, though the tempest of the time was rife,
And rising at the breath of destiny,
Through peace and war hath borne my bark of life,
I heeded not how clouds grew dark on high,
How beat against the bark the waters' strife;
Still in the hour of need, unchangeably
The compass of my spirit turned to thee.

While time rolled on with ever changing tide,
Thou wert the star, the sun that shone for me;
For thee I girt the sword upon my side;
Each dream of peace was consecrate to thee;
And if my heart was long and deeply tried,
For thee alone I bore my misery;
Watching lest autumn with his chilling breath
Should blight the rose above thy couch of death.

Ah me! since thou hast gained thy heavenly throne,
And I, no more by earthly ties controlled,
Have shunned life's giddy joys, with thee alone
Sad fellowship in solitude to hold;—
Full many a faithless friend is changed and gone,
Full many a heart that once was warm grown cold.
All this have I for thee in silence borne,
And joyed to bear, as on a brighter morn.

As vases, once with costly scents supplied,
Long after shed around their sweet perfume;
As clouds the evening sun with gold hath dyed,
Gleam brightly yet while all around is gloom;
As the strong river bears its freshening tide
Far out into the ocean's azure room;
Forlorn and bruised, the heart that once hath beat
For *thee*, can feel no anger and no hate."

IBID.

THE PASSAGE.

MANY a year is in its grave,
Since I crossed this restless wave,
And the evening fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

Then in this same boat beside
Sat two comrades old and tried;
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

So whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore,
Let us walk in soul once more.

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly,
For invisible to thee
Spirits twain have crossed with me.

UHLAND.

THE following beautiful translation has received a place apart from the others, since it was handed to the compiler, after the sheets had gone to press. It is from the pen of the friend, who had the kindness to translate the "Lost Church," published in the Stranger's Gift, and affords another proof with how kindred a spirit the translator enters into the productions of our poets.

On Christmas eve it is customary, in many parts of Germany, to adorn the branch of a pine tree with lighted tapers and various gifts, and to surround it with tables, on which the presents for the different members of the family are arranged. In passing through the streets it often happens that several scenes of this kind are seen at once through the windows.

Christinkle, a term which is used in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, is a corruption of the German Christkindlein. It means the child Christ, to whom it is thought all these gifts are owing.

THE FORLORN CHILD'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

How bird-like o'er the flakes of snow
Its fairy footsteps flew;
And on its soft and childish brow
How delicate the hue!

And expectation wings its feet,
And stirs its infant smile;
The merry bells their chime repeat;
The child stands still the while,

Then clasps in joy its little hand ;
Then marks the Christian dome ;
The stranger child, in stranger land,
Feels now as if at home.

It runs along the sparkling ground ;
Its face with gladness beams ;
It frolics in the blaze around,
Which from each window gleams.

The shadows dance upon the wall,
Reflected from the trees ;
And from the branches, green and tall,
The glittering gifts it sees.

It views within the lighted hall
The charm of social love ;
Oh! what a joyous festival,
'T is sanctioned from above.

But now the childish heart 's unstrung —
" Where is my taper's light?
And why no evergreen been hung,
With toys for me to-night ?

" In my sweet home there was a band
Of holy love for me ;
A mother's kind and tender hand
Once decked my Christmas tree.

" Oh some one take me 'neath the blaze
Of those light tapers, do ;

And, children, I can feel the plays,
Oh let me play with you.

"I care not for the prettiest toy;
I want the love of home;
Oh let me in your playful joy
Forget I have to roam."

The little fragile hand is raised,
It strikes at every gate;
In every window earnest gazed,
Then 'mid the snow it sate.

"Christinkle! thou, the children's friend,
I 've none to love me now;
Hast thou forgot my tree to send,
With lights on every bough?"

The baby's hands are numbed with frost,
Yet press the little cloak;
Then on its breast in meekness crost,
A sigh the silence broke.

And closer still the cloak it drew
Around its silken hair;
Its pretty eyes, so clear and blue,
Alone defied the air.

Then came another pilgrim child,
A shining light he held;
The accents fell so sweet and mild,
All music they excelled.

"I am thy Christmas friend, indeed,
And once a child like thee;
When all forget, thou need'st not plead,
I will adorn thy tree.

"My joys are felt in street or bower,
My aid is every where;
Thy Christmas tree, my precious flower,
Here, in the open air,

"Shall far outshine those other trees,
Which caught thy infant eye."
The stranger child looks up, and sees
Far, in the deep blue sky,

A glorious tree, and stars among
The branches hang their light;
The child, with soul all music, sung
"My tree indeed is bright."

As 'neath the power of a dream
The infant closed its eyes;
And troops of radiant angels seem
Descending from the skies.

The baby to its Christ they bear;
With Jesus it shall live;
It finds a home and treasure there
Sweeter than earth can give.

FR. RÜCKERT.

NOTES.

FRIEDRICH GOTTLIEB KLOPSTOCK.

KLOPSTOCK was born at Quedlinburg, in the year 1724; from 1739 to 1743 he was educated at the then highly celebrated academy, *the Schulpforte;* he afterwards studied theology at Jena and Leipzig, where he partly formed the acquaintance of Cramer, Ebert, Schmidt, and other members of the literary society to which they belonged. In 1748 he went in the capacity of private tutor to Langensalza in Thuringia, and there met with Fanny, the beautiful and accomplished sister of his friend Schmidt. His affection not being returned, he became a prey to a deep melancholy. Change of scene and several years occupied in travel did not fail, however, to produce a beneficial influence on the state of both his heart and mind.

The first Cantos of his Messiah made a great impression throughout all Germany, and created so extraordinary a sensation in Switzerland, that Bodmer and several other learned men invited our poet to visit that country. Klopstock accepted the invitation, and in 1750 set out for Zurich, where he received a hearty welcome from his Swiss admirers, especially from Bodmer, in whose house he resided for nine months.

When on the eve of returning to Germany, he received an invitation from Frederick V., king of Denmark, to repair to Copenhagen, accompanied by the offer of an annuity. In that capital Klopstock passed some of the happiest years of his life, living in retirement, but honored with many marks of favor and esteem by his royal patron. This epoch too was not less fortunate for the world, since it was the date of some of the noblest productions of his muse.

When his friend, the minister Bernstorf, received his dismissal, Klopstock went for a year to Karlsruhe, at the instance of Frederick, elector of Baden, and returned from thence to Hamburg. He had been married in this city in the summer of 1754, and made it his residence during the remainder of his life. He died the 14th of March, 1803.

The Messiah of which there has been no satisfactory translation into English is full of beautiful passages. As a writer of Odes, Klopstock has hardly been surpassed.

JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

HERDER was born, August 25, 1724, at Mohrungen, a small place in Eastern Prussia. His intellectual progress, obstructed by the narrow views of his father, received a new impulse from the fact that the clergyman of the place, who had discovered his talents, allowed him to participate in the Greek and Latin lessons, which he gave to his own children. A serious disease of the eyes became the cause of his becoming acquainted with a

Russian surgeon, who offered to take Herder with him to Königsberg and to Petersburg, and to teach him surgery gratuitously. Having fainted in Königsberg at the first dissection at which he was present, he resolved to study theology. In the mean time he obtained a place of tutor in Frederic's College, which left him time for study, and afforded him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Kant and Hamann. With unrelaxing zeal he occupied himself with the most various branches of science, theology, philology, natural and civil history, and politics. In 1764 he was appointed an assistant teacher at the cathedral school at Riga, with which office that of a preacher was connected. He gave up this office, and declined another advantageous offer, because he wished to study the arts in their sources, and men on the stage of life. Having become travelling tutor to the prince of Holstein Oldenburg, he was prevented in Strasburg from proceeding, by the disease of his eyes, which had returned, and there became acquainted with Göthe. Herder had then published his Fragments on German literature, his Critical Woods, and other productions which had gained him a considerable reputation. Whilst in Strasburg he accepted an invitation to become court-preacher, superintendent, and consistorial counsellor at Bückeburg. He soon made himself known as a distinguished theologian. In 1776 he went to Weimar in the capacity of court-preacher, general superintendent, and consistorial counsellor. It was at the time when the duke Augustus and the princess Amalia had collected many of the most distinguished German literati at their court. In 1801 he was made president of the high consistory, and subsequently made a noble by the elector of Bavaria. He died December 18, 1803.

As a theologian Herder contributed principally to a better understanding of the historical and antiquarian part of the Old Testament. He did much for the better acquaintance with the classical authors, whilst his philosophical views of human character are full of instruction. He contributed much to a more active study of nature, brought before the public the poetry of past times of Europe and Asia, and awakened a taste for national songs; in regard to poetry, however, he effected more by his various accomplishments, his vast knowledge and fine taste, than by creative power. His greatest work is his "Ideas concerning the philosophy of the history of mankind." — We find in it all the light of his great mind concentrated.

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GÖTHE.

GÖTHE was born the 28th of August, 1749, at Frankfort on the Maine, of respectable and wealthy parents. Their son's improvement was the primary object of their care. In the public school of his native town young Göthe evinced great proofs of genius. He applied himself to the study of the law for three years at Leipzig, and took the degree of LL.D. at Strasburg. Three years after this event he made a tour in Switzerland, in company with the two counts Stolberg, the poets, and the well-known Prussian minister, Count Haugwitz. In the course of this tour, he met with the Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar, Charles Augustus, who was so prepossessed in his favor by his agreeable manners and great

talents, that he invited him to Weimar. The invitation was readily accepted, and in that town Göthe remained to the end of his life. Loaded with honors and dignities by his prince, admired, nay, almost adored by his countrymen, and possessing a competence which rendered exertion a matter of choice and not of necessity, Göthe devoted nearly the whole of his time to literary labors. He died the 22d of March, 1832.

In his "Wanderer" as well as in other poems Göthe, in the language of a modern writer, "exhibits the spirit of ancient literature in a degree which probably no modern poet of any nation has reached, as the resemblance is not merely in the form but in the very conception of the ideas.

The song on p. 10 is translated from Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. It contains the reminiscences of Mignon, an Italian girl, who when a little child was stolen from her parents by gipsies. It is addressed to Wilhelm Meister, who had become her protector.

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

SCHILLER was born on the 10th of November, 1759, at Marbach, in Wirtemberg, where his father then held a Lieutenant's commission in the Duke's service. Schiller gave early indications of an uncommonly vivid imagination. Next to the wish of his parents, it was partly owing to the sacred poetry of Klopstock, that he determined to make divinity his profession for life, a resolution, however, which he changed in consequence

of his having entered the military academy founded by the Duke. He now applied himself to the study of medicine. After having incurred the Duke's displeasure by the publication of the Robbers, a work which he had composed at the age of seventeen, he left secretly his service and went to Manheim. After having produced there his Fiesco and his Kabale und Liebe he successively changed his residence to Dresden, Leipzig, and Weimar. Having obtained in 1789 a professorship of philosophy at Jena, Schiller greatly distinguished himself by the lectures which he delivered from that chair. In 1790 he married. The French republic at the beginning of the revolution conferred on him the rights of citizenship, and the emperor of Germany ennobled him in 1802. Incessant study protracted far into the night, and the use of stimulants, undermined his health. In 1793 he formed the plan of publishing, with the coöperation of the first writers of Germany, the *Horæ*. He became more intimately acquainted with Göthe, returned with renewed ardor to poetry, and produced particularly after 1795, the finest lyrical poems which appeared in the *Horæ* and in his Almanac of the Muses (first number in 1796). His Wallenstein was completed in 1799. From that time he lived in Weimar, where, in 1800 and 1801, Maria Stuart and the Maid of Orleans were produced. In 1803 appeared the Bride of Messina, and his last dramatic work, William Tell. After attending a representation of this play at Berlin, where he was received with much honor, he died at Weimar, May 9, 1805, only forty-six years old, mourned by all Germany.

Tschudi who has furnished the foundation for *The Count of Hapsburg*, on p. 34, further relates, that "the priest to whom this incident with Rudolph occurred

afterwards became chaplain to the archbishop of Mentz; and at the first imperial election which followed the interregnum contributed not a little to turn the prelate's thoughts on the Count of Hapsburg."

The *Elective Seven* referred to in the first stanza are the seven princes, who exercised the right of filling the imperial throne. They were the archbishops of Mentz, Trier, and Cologne, the elector palatine, Brandenburg, Bohemia, and Saxony.

The Song of Thekla on page 39, translated by Mrs. Hemans, was partly intended to satisfy the questionings of those, who felt a melancholy interest in her fate after she has left the house of Wallenstein her father, to visit the remains of her lover.

The fragment on page 49 is taken from Schiller's Mary Stuart. After a long and close confinement she has suddenly received permission to enter the garden near Fotheringhay Castle.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

Richter was born the 21st of March, 1763, at Wunsiedel in the Fichtelgebirge. His father was then rector at Wunsiedel, and at a later period pastor at Schwarzbach on the Saale. In 1780 Richter entered the University of Leipsic, in order to study theology, but soon changed his plan and devoted himself to belles-lettres. As early as 1798, he was known as a distinguished writer at Leipsic. He went to Weimar, Berlin, Meiningen, &c. and settled at Baireuth, having been made counsellor of legation by

the duke of Saxe-Hildburghausen, and having received from the prince primate a pension, which the king of Bavaria continued after Baireuth had fallen to him. He had married during his early stay in Berlin, and had two daughters. His death corresponded with his life; he calmly fell asleep on the 14th of November, 1825. His works on education and on philosophy place him high in those departments, and it is to be greatly regretted that in our country is generally known only by his beautiful dreams, and those works which are—emphatically speaking—the product of the imagination. We refrain from giving the titles of his work, since they hardly permit the reader to judge of their contents.

FRIEDRICH ADOLPH KRUMMACHER.

KRUMMACHER was born on the 13th of July, 1768, at Tecklenburg in Westphalia. After having occupied for some time a theological chair in the University of Duisburg, he was stationed successively as a Preacher in different parts of Germany. At present he has the charge of a congregation in Bremen. By his "Parables" he meant not merely to communicate practical truth in the form of a poetical dress, but rather to elevate man from the natural world to that which is above it; to lead him to the author of his being.

JOHANN WILHELM LUDWIG GLEIM.

Gleim was born at Ermsleben, a small town in the principality of Halberstadt, April 2, 1719. In 1738 he went to the University of Halle, after having been maintained up to that time by charitable persons. He became the intimate friend of Kleist, another German poet, and after many vicissitudes of fortune was appointed secretary of the Cathedral Chapter of Halberstadt. He acquired the greatest reputation by his martial songs, which appeared under the name and in the character of an old grenadier, at the time when Frederic the Great filled all Europe with the fame of his achievements.

JOHANN GEORG JACOBI.

Jacobi, born at Düsseldorf, 1740, was the son of wealthy parents. He studied theology in Göttingen and Helmstädt, and afterwards became a professor of philosophy in the University of Halle, where he published a periodical for Ladies. Having been appointed by Joseph II. professor of belles-lettres in the University of Freyburg in Brisgau, he published there another periodical. He died January 4, 1814.

CHRISTIAN ADOLPH OVERBECK.

OVERBECK was born in 1755 at Lübeck. His productions, but few in number, consist chiefly of Lyric poems. He is still a resident in his native town, and has attained the rank of senator.

GOTTFRIED AUGUST BÜRGER.

BÜRGER, born January 1st, 1748, at Wolmerswende, near Halberstadt, studied theology at the University of Halle. Here his imprudence and irregularity of conduct caused his grandfather, on whom he depended, to withdraw from him his assistance and protection. His intimacy with Holtz, Voss, and Count Stolberg now led him to follow their example in studying the ancient classics, and the best works in French, Italian, Spanish, and English. Percy's Relics was his constant companion. In 1772 he at length obtained a permanent though small office, and by a reconciliation with his grandfather, a sum, for the payment of his debts, which he unfortunately lost, and in consequence of it during the rest of his life was involved in pecuniary difficulties. His marriage in 1774 became a source of still greater misfortunes. At the same time he was obliged by intrigues to resign his office. He was then made professor extraordinary in Göttingen, but receiving no salary he was obliged to gain a living for himself and his children by poorly-rewarded

translations for booksellers. A third marriage in 1790 completed his misfortunes; he was divorced from his wife two years afterwards. He died in 1794, a victim to grief and misery. In spite of this labyrinth of misfortunes he has composed Odes, Elegies, Ballads, and Epigrams. "Bürger," observes A. W. Schlegel, "is a poet of an imagination more original than comprehensive; of feelings more honest and candid, than tender and delicate. He is more successful in the execution, than in the invention of his plan; more at home in romance, than in the lofty regions of the Lyric Muse."

THEODOR KÖRNER.

KÖRNER was born in 1791. After having studied mining at Freyburg, he went in 1810 to the University of Leipsic, and then to Vienna, where he wrote several dramas. In 1813, when all Germany took up arms against Napoleon, Körner served in the corps of Lützow, a Prussian officer. August 26, 1813, he fell on the field of battle pierced by a ball. An iron monument shows the place where he rests under an oak tree, near the village of Wöbbelin, in Mecklenburg. His father has published thirty-two of his war songs under the title of Leier und Schwert — Lyre and Sword. Many of these poems have been set to music by Weber, and are known every where in Germany.

The lines on page 111 were written when he lay heavily wounded in a wood, and believed himself at the point of death.

The dialogue between the trooper and his sword he wrote a few hours before his death.

The verses marked by commas are the replies of the "IRON BRIDE." It is intended to be sung during the performance of the sword exercise; at each "Hurrah!" the troopers clash their swords. — "The word *Norsemen* (more properly the designation of the Norwegians, Swedes, &c.) belongs to the Translator's English alone. He uses it as the nearest approach the measure allows to the literal force and fire of the German."

FRIEDRICH BARON DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

FOUQUE was born in New Brandenburg, Feb. 12, 1777. He served against the French towards the end of the last century, and likewise in the last war. Since that time he has been actively employed in writing romances and novels. In his works, which manifest talent, but want versatility, he shows an undue love and admiration of the feudal ages.

His song on page 120 refers to the death-day of Louisa, Queen of Prussia; a name which even at the present day fills with sadness the heart of every true German.

FRIEDRICH LEOPOLD VON STOLBERG.

STOLBERG was born November 7, 1750, in the village of Bramstedt in Holstein. In the year 1800 he

resigned all the high offices which he then held, and together with his whole family, except his eldest daughter, renounced the Protestant religion for the Roman Catholic. Since that event he has resided at Münster.

GEORG PHILIPP SCHMIDT VON LUEBECK.

SCHMIDT VON LUEBECK was born January 1, 1766. He studied in Jena and Göttingen, and at different periods of his life occupied high stations under the Danish government. He now has retired from public activity, and resides at Altona. Besides his songs he has written "Historical Studies," and several smaller works.

ERNST CONRAD FRIEDRICH SCHULTZE.

SCHULTZE was born at Celle, March 22, 1789. He studied at Göttingen, where he soon attracted the attention of Bouterweck, and where he likewise became acquainted with Cecilia. She died at the age of eighteen, and "with her disappeared the cheerfulness which had hitherto distinguished her lover." He then began the poem which was to celebrate her memory, but was interrupted by the war against France, in which he took an active part. He afterwards returned to Göttingen, and completed the poem of which the fragment on page 128 contains the concluding stanzas. Grace rather than

power is the characteristic of his miscellaneous poems. He died June 22d, 1817.

JOHANN LUDWIG UHLAND.

UHLAND was born in 1787 at Tübingen, where he studied law from 1805 to 1808. In 1815, when a great political excitement prevailed throughout Wirtemberg, Uhland's patriotic songs became very popular, and contributed to strengthen the prevailing spirit. "In 1809 he was elected a representative of Tübingen, and has we believe ever since continued in the chamber."

THE END.

ERRATA.

Page 4, line 8, *for* free-thinker's *read* free-thinkers'
" 98, " 11, " laugh " laughs

DUE DEC 3 34

46547.21
Translations in poetry and prose
Widener Library
002823738
3 2044 087 130 035